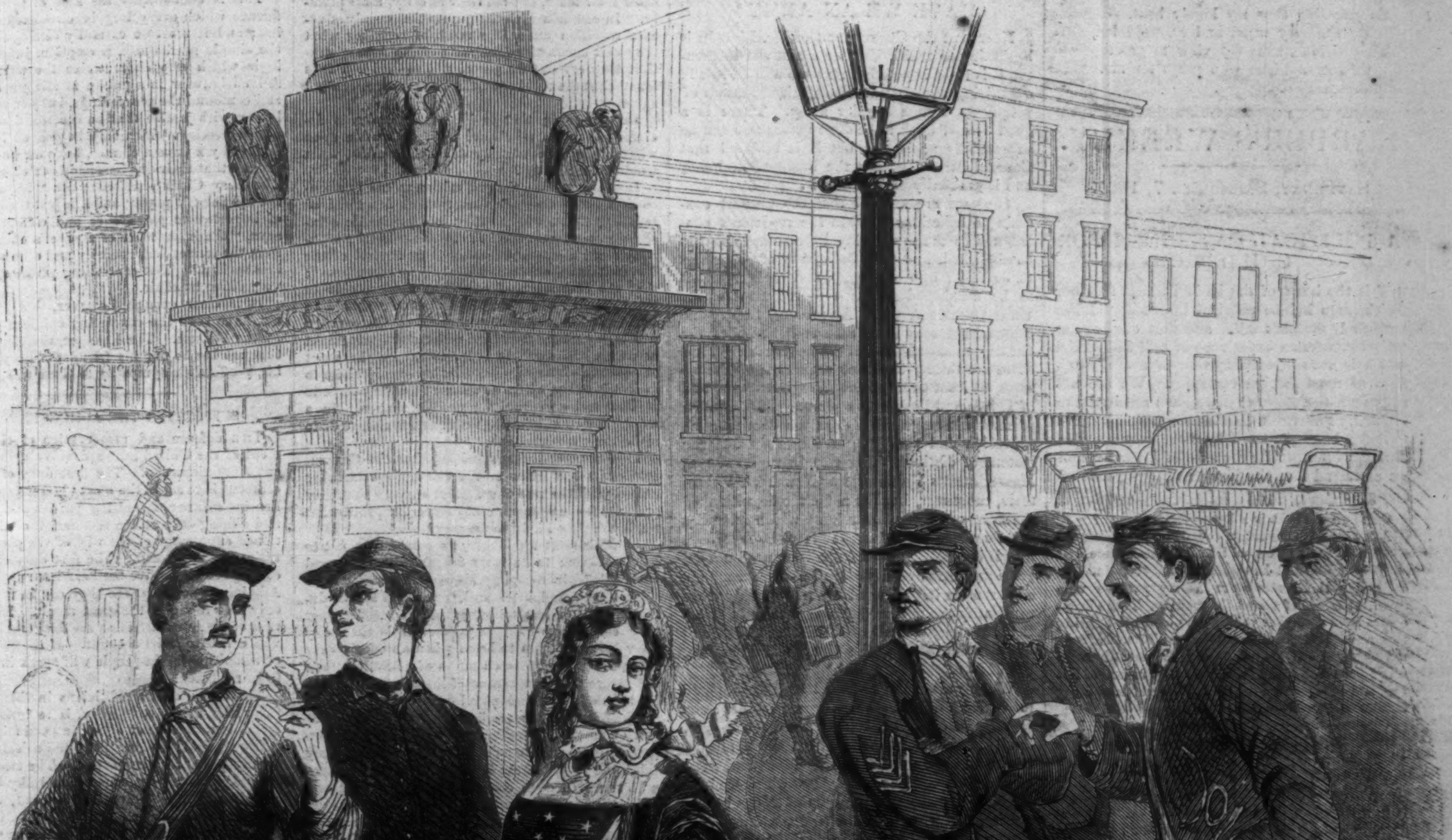
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. V.—No. 245.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



A FEMALE REBEL IN BALTIMORE—AN EVERYDAY SCENE.—[See Page 571.]

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadow wraps the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the Right!

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me.

Camp Cameron.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 7, 1861.

A POLITICAL CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.

It is the boast of the United States that our children imbibe political knowledge almost with their mother's milk, and that our boys at school possess an experience of political affairs which is not surpassed by that of average citizens of most foreign countries. We are not surprised, therefore, that we have received the following Political Catechism, which appears to have been prepared by some very sensible American matron for the sake of her boys, and we commend it to the perusal of young men of all ages:

Question. What is a Democrat, mamma?

Answer. A Democrat, my dear, is a defunct species, of which you will find a finely-preserved stuffed specimen at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In their day Democrats were hearty patriots who sought the good of the whole country. These Democrats have now gone to the wars, and are fighting the battles of the country against traitors. Nobody calls himself a Democrat nowadays except broken-down politicians who have no honest means of living, and who assume that title in the hope of being able to cheat and steal.

Question. What is a Republican, mamma?

Answer. Republicans, my dear, were people who sought to prevent slavery entering the national territories. As the question of slavery in the territories (and other places besides, perhaps) has been pretty thoroughly settled by the great Rebellion of the slaveholders under Jeff Davis and other traitors, there are no Republicans left now, except a few persons who desire places in the Custom-house.

Question. What is the Democratic State Committee, mamma?

Answer. The Democratic State Committee, my dear, is composed of dead bodies which are so offensive in the sight of God and man that no one has had the charity to bury them. In November next this unpleasant job will be done by the people at large.

Question. What is a Breckinridge Democrat?

Answer. A Breckinridge Democrat is a person who desires to see this Union overthrown, and the rebellion of Jeff Davis successful.

Question. What do the Breckinridge Democrats want, mamma?

Answer. A very natural question, my dear. Some of them want offices under Jeff Davis: one wants licenses to sell Southern lottery tickets: another owns slaves and wants to bring them to New York: others have money owing to them at the South, and would like to get it: but most of them are mere vagabonds who want to see anarchy established in the hope of making something out of it.

Question. What is coercion, mamma?

Answer. Coercion is resisting a robber who tries to plunder you.

Question. What is compromise?

Answer. Compromise is giving the robber your purse, your watch, your coat, and your boots, on condition that he leaves you your shirt-collar.

Question. What is a fratricidal war?

Answer. A fratricidal war is putting down thieves and traitors who happen to be your fellow-countrymen. The United States engaged in a fratricidal war when they chased and caught the traitor Burr: and they would have undertaken a fratricidal war against the traitor Arnold, in uncommonly short order, if they could have got at him.

Question. What is liberty of the press?

Answer. The liberty of the press, as understood by the framers of the Constitution, is the right of publishing what you will, provided no one is injured thereby; but the liberty of the press, as understood by the friends of Jeff Davis, is the right of playing the sneak thief when one has not the courage to play the burglar.

Question. What is State sovereignty?

Answer. State sovereignty, my dear, is a fine phrase under which bad men choose the laws which they will obey and the laws which they will break. It is anarchy raised into a system.

Question. What is neutrality, mamma?

Answer. Neutrality, my dear, is meanly shirking your duty as a citizen, and helping the enemy in a cowardly underhand way. A man who stands by and sees a poor fellow beaten to death by a rowdy is a neutral, and the model of those who are neutral in the present war.

Question. What is the cause of the present war?

Answer. This war, my dear, is the last dying struggle of slavery as a political power. If you have read history aright, you must have learned that all great and powerful systems or bodies die hard. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, the divine right monarchies, the feudal oligarchies, all struggled very hard before they gave way to common sense and the rights of the people. Just so slavery, as an element of political power, is now making its last dying struggle, and you may depend upon it, it will fight to the last. But if you have read your Bible right, and have the true instincts of a free-born American boy in you, you can not doubt how the contest will end.

HAVE WE AN ARMY?

Now that the Government of Mr. Lincoln is beginning to realize that we are at war in earnest, it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in organizing our present disorganized masses of volunteers into a regular army. There is a good deal of work to be done before this can be successfully achieved; but it is believed that General M'Clellan has the business in hand, and is gradually elaborating it.

Thus we are assured that the present confusing distinctions between the regiments contributed by the several loyal States are about to be abolished, and the whole body of volunteers to be fused into one army, and each regiment to be numbered as the —— regiment of the United States Army. At present, twenty-one States have sent forth men to fight under the old flag, to say nothing of the territories. Thus there are twenty-one First regiments of Volunteers, at least twenty Second regiments, no end of Thirds and Fourths, and so on. This system of nomenclature naturally opens a door to much confusion and possibly grave mistakes. The system of distinguishing certain regiments as Massachusetts Volunteers or New York Volunteers, moreover, implies a tacit recognition of the heresy of State Sovereignty which underlies the Southern rebellion. It is well, therefore, that it be abolished. Its abolition need not deprive any State of the glory its volunteers may confer upon it. Every body will quickly learn to identify the new regiments: just as in Great Britain every body knows that the 79th and 93d are Scotchmen, the Guards Englishmen, the 23d Welshmen, and the 88th Irishmen.

We are also glad to hear that it is proposed to uniform all the volunteers in blue army cloth. In every battle that has been fought, fatal blunders have arisen from the similarity of the uniforms worn by our troops and those of the enemy. The large plates which we have published, giving the uniforms of troops in both armies, might, with a few transpositions, have answered for either. It is absolutely necessary that our soldiers should be able to identify each other in battle. The very word used to describe the costume of a soldier—uniform—explains the necessity for the proposed reform.

Other and graver changes are requisite, however, if our army is to be made serviceable. The system of electing officers is not working well. The troubles which have arisen in several of our New York regiments show that the judgment of the privates can not always be relied upon for the selection of the best company officers: nor have the latter been invariably right in the choice of field-officers. In the best-officered regiments now in the field the election of officers was a farce. The colonel chose his major, captains, and lieutenants, and the privates wisely confirmed his choice. In all probability a strict application of the new rules requiring all officers to undergo an examination by a Board would accomplish a similar result for regiments less fortunately organized, if the Board would do its duty fearlessly. Large latitude should, however, be granted to commanding officers in the matter of suspending or cashiering incompetent subordinates. The officers of every mutinous company ought, for instance, to be reduced to the ranks at once; for the mutiny is complete evidence of their incapacity. In like manner commanding generals should be empowered to promote good men without useless formalities: several hundred first-rate officers of volunteers could thus be obtained from the non-commissioned ranks of the regular army.

Again, it should begin to be understood that the nation is really at war, and that the time for playing at soldiers has passed. Deserters should be shot. Spies should be hanged. Insubordinate officers should be degraded at once. Breaches of the rules of the service should be promptly punished. It should be made clear, in a word, that the work in hand is serious, and not a mere farce. Nothing demoralizes an army so quickly as lax discipline and a loose impunity for military offenses. A few examples of rigor are a cheap price to pay for efficiency and good discipline. General Butler's Order of the Day announcing his retirement from the command at Fortress Monroe is a bitter satire on the slip-shod manner in which we are conducting the war. If a Napoleon had been in command he would have shot half a dozen field-officers of that garrison long ago.

THE LOUNGER.

ONLY ONE WAY OUT.

Our present difficulties can have but one solution. People speak lightly of two governments as a possible result of the struggle. The sooner we clear our minds of that delusion the better. The Administration has no power to divide the country, nor to consent to its division. It is not dealing with a foreign power, nor with rebellious provinces; it is contending with a tremendous conspiracy, which can be successful in one way only, and that is by overthrowing the Government.

The traitors, like Mr. Breckinridge and Governor Magoffin, who until lately have thought they could serve the rebellion more effectually by nominally remaining within constitutional forms, begin to show their teeth, but not their ferocity, more plainly. In common with the papers that openly advocate rebellion under the mask of resisting what they call unconstitutional acts of the Administration, they cry out for peace, and to divide if it is found that the rebels and the Government can not agree.

Suppose, then, that to-day an armistice is declared; that the rebels are invited to state upon what terms they will lay down their arms, what would be the result?

In the first place, the proposition would be a concession either that the Government despaired of reducing them, or that they had justifiable occasion for arming against it. They would then naturally require guarantees that their control of the Government should never hereafter be questioned; that the discussion of questions disagreeable to them should be suppressed; and that it should be understood that the Government of the country was a league of States, from which any State might at will withdraw. In order to secure the strict observance of the stipulations they would claim to maintain every where a sufficient military force to prevent serious opposition or disturbance. In a word, they would do what conquerors always do to make their conquest sure.

This is upon the supposition that the Government asks the terms of the rebels for remaining united with the rest of us. But suppose that they prefer to leave us to our own destruction, then what terms are they likely to propose?

As their next neighbors, we must agree not to irritate them; to be their faithful allies; to send back all their escaping slaves; to respect their slave-trade; and, in general, to perform all the duties of an obedient tributary province. Because they certainly would be greater fools than any body believes them to be, if when an enemy asks them to make their own terms of peace, they did not secure the permanence of that peace by establishing their own undoubted supremacy.

The friends of "peace," who know as well as the rest of us that peace now necessarily means surrender, have only to ask themselves whether they think the people of the loyal States of this country will agree to such conditions. When they consider themselves conquered, they will, of course, yield to the conqueror's terms, but not before. And there is no middle ground. For suppose that the rebels say we only want to be let alone. What do they mean? They mean that they wish the Government would allow every State to go out of the Union whenever it chooses, and take what it can lay its hands on, as it goes. That is the least conceivable condition they could make, and that is simply absurd, because it is sheer anarchy.

The demagogues who have incited rebellion against the Government of the United States have got a great deal more than they bargained for. They firmly believed that the Democratic party of the North would unite with them in coercing the Government to consent to its own destruction. But they find the great mass of men who have hitherto acted with that party giving all they have and are to support that Government. Only a few desperate political gamblers among us feebly try to aid treason and comfort rebellion. All men see that there is but one way out of our difficulties: either absolute victory or complete surrender.

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

The Lounger in this *Weekly* and the Easy Chair in *Harper's Monthly* are such good friends that whatever is said of the one is sure to interest the other. Therefore when the Lounger lately saw in the *Tribune* that something had been said in *Harper's Monthly* which was absurdly inconsistent with something said in the *Weekly*, he instantly wondered if it were his friend the Easy Chair that might be involved. And to the great satisfaction of his friendship he found that it was not.

The subject upon which inconsistent statements were said to have been made was the newspaper, its real power and influence. The *Tribune* hinted that while the *Monthly* said that the papers follow the public in this country, the *Weekly* had "apprehended the most disastrous results from the mere popular misapprehension of the wishes of a well-known journal, so great was its influence over the public mind."

Induced by his friendly relation with the *Weekly* and his regard for the Easy Chair in the *Monthly*, the Lounger has looked to see what had been recently said upon the subject in their columns. As both opinions are denounced as "extremes" by the *Tribune*, he glanced first, and a little nervously (such is a Lounger's sensibility to possible censure), at what he had himself written.

He finds in the *Weekly* for July 20 three articles in his column bearing upon the question. In these articles the Lounger speaks of those who may poison or debauch the public mind, and thereby do all they can to effect a purpose; of those who imperil the country by hints or innuendoes; and of what a shrewd newspaper might do in a certain emergency. All these things imply that a newspaper has power and influence of some kind. That was the Lounger's opinion on the 20th of July, as it is upon the 7th of September.

Looking, then, at what the Easy Chair may have said upon the subject, he finds that in the September number of the *Magazine*, that worthy four-legged friend also speaks of newspapers, and says: "Do they control public opinion, or are they controlled by it? Do they lead or follow? In this country, at least, it is pretty well settled that they follow. * * * * Why then does any body care what the newspaper says? Because it talks so loud. Because it talks so positively. Because it so unwillingly retracts or corrects. Because it so freely asperses motives. Because it believes so easily what will make a sensation. Because it is such an inveterate and vituperative gossip. Because it talks to a hundred thousand people at once. These are the things that make its immense responsibility, and this is the kind of importance it has."

This is undoubtedly the kind of power and influence which every largely circulated newspaper has; and it must be carefully distinguished from the simple good sense, perception, judgment, and logic which may characterize the writers for it. A loud brawler in a public meeting may perplex and confound the proceedings, but you could hardly say with justice that he controlled the opinion of the meeting. Men may be goaded into foolish actions by a brazen clamor, but you would hardly declare that their opinions had been changed by it. The Easy Chair itself concedes "importance" to the opinion of a paper; and it is just the importance of importunate persistence and clamor: or, as it says, "the importance of a paper's opinion comes from the tremendous sonority and echo with which it is spoken." But controlling public opinion is a very different affair.

It is clear enough, however, that there could not have been the conflicting opinions mentioned by the *Tribune*. The Lounger, therefore, satisfied that neither he nor his friend the Easy Chair are hit, proffers his sympathy to those who are.

SUPPORTING THE ADMINISTRATION.

The defense and preservation of the Government of the United States devolve upon the present Administration. The first duty of that Government is to act in the most vigorous and comprehensive manner, forgetting parties and partisans, and aiming only at the restoration of the unquestioned supremacy of the will of the people constitutionally expressed. The first duty of all patriotic citizens is to give the heartiest support to that Administration, because they can in that manner only help to secure the great result. If the measures of the Administration are dangerous, Congress will call it to strict account. If they are halting and inadequate, the people will speak in a tone not to be mistaken.

The dodge of the politicians in this State who favor the Davis conspiracy, is to insist that the Administration is not acting in good faith; that it really wants the Government to be destroyed, and is only pretending to save it. The assumption is as reasonable as that a man in a leaky boat at sea is only making believe bale her out, and really wants her to go down. For, of course, if the Government is not saved the party under whose administration it was destroyed would be annihilated.

To call upon the Administration to prove that it does not wish Davis and his crew to succeed, is like asking a man who is risking life and limb in fighting with the fire that threatens to consume his house, his family, and his property, to prove that he does not want to see the house burn down. How can a mother prove that she does not want to beat out the brains of her child, except by doing all she can to shield him from every blow?

There is not a man of common capacity in the free States who seriously believes that the President is not as earnestly loyal to the Government as Washington was. Whether he fully comprehends the emergency may possibly be a question to some minds. But no man would honestly insist that so far as he thought danger threatened the Government he was not profoundly sincere in his efforts to avert it.

All faithful citizens, therefore, will unite to hold up his hands; while all who treacherously insinuate, to gratify their partisan malignity, that the Administration really seeks the ruin of the Government, are doing all they dare and can to hold up the hands of Jeff Davis.

WAKING UP.

The heartiness with which every act of vigor in the conduct of our affairs is hailed, is a sure sign of the spirit of the people. The just complaint of the Administration is, not that it is not honest, or patriotic, or well-intentioned, but that it seems to awake so slowly to the scope of the occasion.

Why, for instance, is every thing *to be done*? On the 24th of August it is announced that the carrying of letters by express companies is *to be* suppressed. On the previous day the order to suspend the *Daily News* and other treasonable papers in the city *was expected* to arrive.

Why, then, are not all the treasonable papers in the land at once suspended, not stopped in this or that city, or in this or that mail, but suspended altogether?

Why was not the communication of treason by express companies stopped long ago?

Why, when the *habeas corpus* is suspended, as it may constitutionally be in cases of rebellion, is not the officer in charge of the prisoner instructed to make that return to the writ?

Why, when the passport system is justly established, is it not made effective at the most doubtful and dangerous points, instead of being virtually relinquished there?

Why are women, notorious agents of treason, openly countenanced, socially, by high officers of the Government?

Why, when loyal citizens are imprisoned at Richmond, are men taken in arms against the United States feasted and allowed honorably to go at large upon a foolish promise of doing so no more?

Why, in general, after four months of open, active, desperate war, following months and years of careful hostile preparation, does the Administration seem so slowly to open its eyes and so reluctantly believe in battle?

Such questions are asked by thousands in no captious or disloyal spirit, and with the fullest allowance for all the difficulties with which the Administration has been forced to contend. They are asked too by those who see that the movement of the Administration is constantly forward. It has not gone backward—but it has not gone forward fast enough. At such a time it should lead, not follow, the popular feeling; and that very leading would deepen and strengthen the popular faith. The people naturally expect that every power necessary to preserve the existence of their Government will be assumed; and they stand ready in Congress to justify and approve the assumption. A bill of indemnity or a bill of impeachment, as Senator Sherman says, confronts the Administration in the exercise of every strong measure necessary to the great end. But it need have no fear that any vigor will be censured. It should rather ask itself what will confront it if it hesitates and delays and incessantly tries half measures.

And it must bear with question and criticism, so it be fair and not querulous. The people of this country are reasonable. They do not feel that a truly active man or Administration is inactive. They knew that they need not spur General Jackson in '32. They knew that there was no need of spurring Washington in '94. They have no doubt of the fidelity of the Administration; and they hope that it is now thoroughly awake and dressed for the day.

THE SURGEONS' PAROLE.

THERE has been some surprise and regret expressed that several of our surgeons who were captured at Bull Run should have given their word not to take up arms against the conspiracy. The regret is that they have so far recognized the rebellion.

The truth of the matter is, that they were taken while in attendance upon our wounded, and they were told that they could not return to Sudbury church to continue their duties unless they gave their word not to serve again upon our side. They had, therefore, to decide whether they would abandon our wounded soldiers to die uncared for. And as they had gone upon the field especially to take care of them, the surgeons are surely not to be very sharply censured for their conduct. It is not a course which loses us their services, for they may go upon duty in our forts and camps. Nor does it materially strengthen the conspiracy; for their word merely implies that there was a force sufficient to constrain their action. It concedes nothing to the rightfulness of the force.

WASHINGTON UPON REBELLION.

WHEN the Whisky Insurrection broke out in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania in 1794, Washington said: "If the laws are to be so trampled upon with impunity, and a minority, a small one too, is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put at one stroke to republican government."

Washington issued his proclamation on the 7th of August, 1794, declaring that, if tranquillity were not previously restored, on the 1st of September force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. On the same day he made a requisition for twelve thousand men, afterward increased to fifteen thousand. He appointed Governor Lee, of Virginia, to the chief command, and Lee marched with the fifteen thousand men in two divisions. "This great military array," says the historian, "extinguished at once the kindling elements of a civil war by making resistance desperate."

Every thing that Washington said at that period is of the most singular interest to us now. In writing of the soldiers to Governor Lee he speaks of "the enlightened and patriotic zeal for the Constitution and the laws, which had led them cheerfully to quit their families, homes, and the comforts of a private life, to undertake, and thus far to perform, a long and fatiguing march, and to encounter and endure the hardships and privations of a military life. No citizen of the United States can ever be engaged in a service more important to their country. It is nothing less than to consolidate and preserve the blessings of that revolution which, at much expense of blood and treasure, constituted us a free and independent nation."

When the disturbance was quelled, he said: "It has afforded an occasion for the people of this country to show their abhorrence of the result, and their attachment to the Constitution and the laws; for I believe that five times the number of militia that was required would have come forward, if it had been necessary, in support of them."

Governor Lee, of Virginia, was the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution: peculiarly dear to Washington, who in youth had loved Lee's mother. He was also the father of General Robert Lee, now in arms against that same Constitution and those laws. Where does General Lee suppose that Washington, were he now living, would be found? Would he stand side by side with the Virginian Lee, who strikes at the heart of his country; or shoulder to shoulder with the Virginian Scott, whose latest years are bright with the sacred light of patriotism?

NOW AND THEN.

THE Richmond *Enquirer*, in speaking of the capture by the rebels of Colonel E. C. Carrington, a Virginian, who fought gallantly for his country at Manassas, says: "His eloquence and his arms have proved alike futile against his mother State. He has disgraced himself, not her."

When the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, Patrick Henry, says Irving, scouted the idea of sectional distinctions. "All America," said he, "is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders is no more. *I am not a Virginian, but an American.*"

So said the great Virginian patriot, long before the union that formally merged Virginians and New Yorkers in Americans. So says every patriot now, pledging, as he did, life and fortune and sacred honor in the same great cause of free, popular, constitutional government.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOYON AND DE MERODE.

A LAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Ah! 'ave a you eerd ze news wheech 'ave occur joost now?
Monsignor de Mérode wiz Goyon 'ave von row.
Ze Général demand, and Monsignor deny,
Surrender of Zouave for some offense to try.

To Général Goyon, of Monsignor Mérode,
Ze ansare, in Inglees exprased, vas "You be blowed;
I vill a not giv op ze unfortunate to you:
Your mastère ees von rhog, von ombog, and von doo!"

Ze Général Goyon, to hear zis bad language
Spoke of Napoléon, flew into von great rage;
"Aha!" he cry, "ze coat protects you what you wears,
Else I wode give you two great boxes on ze ears.

"Take off your priestly robbs which keeps your shoulders warm,
And I of Général will change ze uniform
Zat now on your honneur I 'ave inflicted stain,
I may you render satisfaction on ze plain."

Monsignor de Mérode replied, "You'll me excuse;
Ze offer to accept, for why I most refuse."
"Monsignor de Mérode," say Général Goyon,
"To me it plain appears zat you are von poltron.

"Ze boxes of your ears vat causes you no pain,
Since as you zem accept zey morally remain,
Behold, you see ze tip of zis extended toe;
Conceive zat you arrest ze kick I make just so!"

Monsignor de Mérode did zereupon retreat,
Like von small dog wiz tail between his hinder feet,
Ze soldier of him claimed surrender by-and-by,
And seat him down to eat von plate of omble pie.

A MAN OF HIGH FAMILY.—It is not generally known that M. Blondin is connected with one of the most illustrious families of the English Peerage. The great funambulist is confidently asserted to be a scion of the House of Somerset.

A WOMAN TO BE ENVIED.—The wife of a poor Curate writes, sighingly, as follows: "I see that the Sultan is always appearing in public with a new Hatt. I wonder if the Sultana exercises the same privilege, and can come out as often as she likes with a new Bonnet."

ADVICE THAT NEVER WILL BE FOLLOWED.—A woman should never marry. Previous to marriage, she is an Angel; whereas after marriage, she is nothing more than a Woman!—*One who admires Women far too generally ever to give a selfish preference to One.*

VERY SHOOTABLE.—A new journal is announced, to be entitled *The Quiver*. We understand that a leading feature in it will be an 'arrowing tale called *The Beau*.

ADVICE TO THE INTEMPERATE.—If you will "drink like a fish," let it be then like the gold fish, whose entire globe contains nothing but water.

STYLE!—What every coxcomb fancies he has attached to his gait.

A Methodist preacher, whose hearers were in the habit of going to sleep over his preachings, bought a tin whistle, and one Sunday, when he saw a goodly number under the somnolescent influence, he drew forth his whistle and blew a shrill shriek. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and upon their feet, staring at the minister, at each other, and wondering what in the name of human nature is to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you!" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the Gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil you're all wide awake, up and a coming, like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest."

A SAYING AT FAULT.—When people say "Necessity has no law," they must surely forget the Poor-law.

A genuine Jonathan, sojourning on the banks of Lough Neagh, says, in proof of the petrifying property of its waters, that an old fisherman in that neighborhood, known by the *sobriquet* of Hugo Trout, has immersed his legs so long and so often in the lake that they have petrified, and he now always hones his razors upon what used to be his shin bones.

Most men have in their souls no locomotives strong enough to draw a train of thought.

"I'll neither tell my age for the census or the sovereign," said cook, most resolutely, to her master, who was preparing for the enumerator. "Very well, then, I'll put you down sixty-five," was the cool reply. "Upon my honor, Sir, I was only fifty-nine last birthday," said cook.

The storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow-storms, their *drifts* are not always seen.

A MODEL OFFICER.—A certain militia captain commanded the —— company, and on one occasion, while drilling this limb of the nation's bulwark in the art of "grim-visaged war," the citizen soldiers having got into an inextricable snarl, it was found necessary to stop the beating of the drum. Instead of the usual phrase, "Halt," our commander bawled out, somewhat pettishly, "Stop that drumming!" Not understanding this order, the musician continued to perform his "paddediddles" and "flammediddles" with as much vigor as ever. "Stop that drumming!" shouted our hero a second time; but the unconscious drummer, with head erect and foot on the move, still went on. The indignant captain could bear it no longer; marching directly up to the musician, he drew his "battle blade" with a flourish, and plunged it through both heads of the instrument, exclaiming, in a voice of thunder, "There, confound you, now rub-a-dub if you can!"

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

A gentleman said to his wife, a few evenings since, as they were talking over the war, "The measles—why that is a most unmilitary disease for troops to be sick with." "Why," she replied, "it is a very common sickness with the *infantry*."

"Bob, how is your sweet-heart getting along?" "Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARATIONS OF THE REBELS IN VIRGINIA.

THE New York *Times* says: "There appears to be little doubt that the rebel Army at Manassas and in that vicinity is now made more numerous than it has ever been before, whatever its appointments may be. Immediately after the Bull Run battle, the rebel leaders made extraordinary exertions to concentrate troops in Virginia, in anticipation of another and more formidable demonstration by the National Army, and the result, it is understood, has been the transfer of large forces from Tennessee, which had been held there for the defense of the Mississippi, together with all that could be spared from the Cotton States, including a portion of Bragg's command at Pensacola. In addition to all this the work of improvement—for it can be called nothing else—has been steadily going on in Virginia. The Maryland side of the Potomac is now filled with refugees from Loudon and other counties, who have fled to avoid this impressment, in some instances driving over their stock to save it from the marauders, and in others leaving every thing behind, glad even to escape with their lives."

ARRESTS FOR TREASON.

Several parties have been arrested on suspicion of treason—including the Mayor of Washington, the Baltimore Police Commissioners, and numerous others now held in durance at Fort Lafayette, and two or three ladies in Washington have also been placed under arrest upon charges of communicating with the rebels. Among them are the wife of Senator Gwin, Mrs. Greenough, and Mrs. Phillips, wife of an ex-member of Congress from Alabama, and her two daughters. The houses of these ladies have been surrounded by a strong military guard, and the inmates held in close custody.

M'CULLOCH'S MOVEMENTS IN WESTERN MISSOURI.

We learn that the Union men in the southwestern part of Missouri are greatly harassed by the rebel forces, thousands of them being compelled to abandon their homes. About ten thousand of General M'Culloch's army are marching northward, an advance-guard having reached as far as Lebanon on the road to Rolla.

MORE SKIRMISHES.

Active military operations continue in Missouri. We learn from Cairo that a battle took place on Monday night at twelve o'clock at Charleston, between the Union force, about 250 strong, consisting of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment, under command of Colonel Dougherty, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois Regiment. The rebel force was estimated at 600 to 700 men, and commanded by Colonel Hunter, of Jeff Thompson's army. The Union force was victorious, completely routing the rebels, killing forty and taking seventeen prisoners.

Captain Haleman, with fifty mounted men, left Bird's Point at about six o'clock the same evening for Charleston, to join the forces under Colonel Dougherty, but failed to form a junction with them. They met a party of rebels about one hundred strong, and gave them battle, killing two and taking thirty-three prisoners; they also captured thirty-five horses, without the loss of a man.

A PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR GAMBLE.

The following proclamation has been issued by Governor Gamble:

"Whereas the power of the civil authority is insufficient to protect the lives and property of the citizens of the State, I, Hamilton R. Gamble, Governor of Missouri, do hereby call into the active service of the State forty-two thousand men of the militia of the State, assigning six thousand as the quota to each military district, which is the same as a Congressional district. The force thus called into service will be, as far as possible, a volunteer force, and will consist of ten thousand cavalry and thirty-two thousand infantry. If the number of volunteers should exceed this requisition the excess will be held as a reserve corps. If there should be a deficiency it may become necessary to resort to a draft. The Adjutant-General will issue to the Division Inspectors of the several military districts the orders necessary to carry into effect this requisition. The force called out will be for six months, unless peace in the State shall be sooner restored. Arms will be furnished as rapidly as they can be had.

"Given under my hand and seal of the State, at Jefferson City, this 24th day of August, in the year 1861.

"By the Governor, H. R. GAMBLE.

"M. OLIVER, Secretary of State."

TRAITORS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

The investigation of the Potter Committee, it is said, has resulted in reporting fully two hundred employés in the several departments at Washington as persons who can not be relied upon as loyal to the Government.

BOUNTY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The State of New York has adopted a policy which it would be well for other States to follow. An order has been issued from head-quarters at Albany, giving a bounty of two dollars a man to any person who may bring in a company of thirty-two volunteers to the service of the Government.

TROUBLES OF THE SECESSION PRESS.

Last week, at Philadelphia, the Marshal seized and stopped the circulation of the New York *News* and the *Christian Observer*. The former sheet depends chiefly on its Southern patrons for its support, and the suppression of its issue in that direction must affect it seriously. At Allentown, Pennsylvania, the sheriff has found it necessary to call out a guard to protect two disunion papers from the assaults of the indignant people.

The *Westchester* (Pennsylvania) *Jeffersonian* has been taken possession of by the crowd, who detest its secession proclivities. The *Starke County* (Ohio) *Democrat* has been destroyed on account of its hostile sentiments toward the Government.

On 24th orders were received at the Post-Office here forbidding the transmission of the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Daily News*, the *Day-Book*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* through the mails of the United States. News-dealers will not send them with other dailies, and the Marshals seize them wherever found. The *Alleghanian*, a Western Virginian secession sheet, was extinguished on Thursday night, in revenge for an attack upon a meeting at which Governor Thomas was speaking. The Bridgeport *Farmer* was utterly destroyed on Friday by a party of returned volunteers. This paper was the most abusive of any of its kind in the Northern States. The *True American* at Trenton, New Jersey, has succumbed to popular opinion and suspended publication, remarking that as it can not be circulated, it might as well save the expense of printing. The press fever has also broken out in Wilmington, Delaware, where, one night last week, the *Gazette* office was beset by an excited crowd, in consequence of certain remarks about the Delaware soldiers.

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The members of the Convention of Western Virginia, in session at Wheeling, do not seem disposed to follow the advice of Attorney-General Bates, but have decided to establish a new State. Their action is to be submitted to the people at the election of Delegates to a Constitutional Convention, and may be reversed. The boundaries of the new State, to be called Kanawha, may be enlarged by permitting certain adjoining counties to come in if they should desire to do so.

BOMBARDMENT OF GALVESTON.

The city of Galveston, Texas, was subjected to a pretty severe bombardment by the United States war vessels *South Carolina* and *Dart*, on Monday, the 5th instant. They continued to throw shells into the city for half an hour, doing considerable damage. The batteries on shore responded, and it was thought that the *South Carolina* had received some hurt, as it was observed that she was undergoing repairs after the fight was over. The citizens of Galveston sent a protest on board, under a flag of truce, against the alleged violation of the rules of war in shelling the city without giving notice to remove the women and children. These facts we learn from Southern sources.

THE "SUMTER" AT CURACOA.

Letters from Curacoa, concerning the pirate *Sumter*, state that this craft was refused admittance to the port of Cienfuegos, and was compelled to anchor below the fort, at the entrance. Her six prizes, however, went inside. The *Sumter* shortly after was taken with an apprehension that a National war vessel was in pursuit of her; she accordingly retired precipitately, leaving her prizes in the harbor. She subsequently captured two American vessels, loaded with provisions. On the 2d inst., she was in the vicinity of Maturin, on the coast of Venezuela. The Governor of Curacoa had said that, if the pirate desired again to enter that harbor, it would not be allowed to do so. This decision should have been made earlier.

THE "JEFF DAVIS" AT PORTO RICO.

A correspondent at Ponce, Porto Rico, gives a full report of the arrival of the privateer *Jeff Davis* in that port. She mounted five guns and had sixty men on board. Ten men were sent ashore for provisions, but they not being allowed to land, the privateer was compelled to go in under the twenty-four hours' neutrality rule of the Queen of Spain. The Captain General sent the war steamer *Herman Cortez* outside the harbor to see that she obeyed, as well as to watch her subsequent movements. The rebel captain boasted that he had taken six prizes, and was then about to look after a New York vessel with specie on board. He had boarded the Baltimore brig *Francis Jane* and given to her commander a formidable-looking protection paper.

BALL AT LONG BRANCH.

The boarders at the various hotels at Long Branch, in conjunction with some of the patriotic citizens of New York, gave a ball at the Mansion House, on Thursday evening, in honor of Mrs. President Lincoln. The occasion was a most gratifying one to all concerned. During the afternoon an exhibition of the coast life-saving apparatus was given for the gratification of the distinguished guest, under the supervision of Ex-Governor Newell, the superintendent of the stations in that district. A large number witnessed the experiments.

GEORGIA GOING TO SECEDE AGAIN.

There are pretty strong indications that Georgia is about to secede from the Southern Confederacy. Governor Brown has recalled all the troops of that State from Virginia, and in a recent proclamation he says there is a disposition on the part of the new Government to ignore State rights, and he feared that at the end of the present war the great battle of State sovereignty would have to be fought over again.

THE SOUTHERN PRODUCE LOAN.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that the Treasury Department is already in receipt of voluminous returns from almost every port of the South, pledging cotton, rice, tobacco, grain, and money; and the aggregate of these subscriptions can not now fall short of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars, and will doubtless be swelled to fifty or over one hundred millions when all the lists are brought in, and the canvass is fully completed.

PRIVATEERING AT CHARLESTON.

The Charleston papers advertise shares for sale in the privateer schooner *Beauregard*. There is an abundance of privateer material yet in the Southern ports. In Charleston alone there are the steamships *Nashville*, 1230 tons; the *Isabel*, 1115 tons; and the *Catawba*, 407 tons; ships *Mackinaw*, 1094 tons; and *John Ravenel*, 700 tons; bark *Etiwan*, 325 tons; and brigs *Emma Eger*, 196 tons; and *Louise*, 175 tons.

THE NEW ORLEANS BATTERING-RAM.

The New Orleans battering-ram, which is to destroy the blockading squadron at the mouth of the Mississippi, and all the rest of creation if necessary, was launched on the 14th ult. The "thing" draws twelve feet of water.

PERSONAL.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, has been tendered, and has accepted, a position on the staff of General M'Clellan. He has been induced the more readily to accept from the advantages such a position will give him as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

A lady Richmond correspondent of the Mobile *News* says that that city is very gay at present. The writer, talking of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, says: "While here, Mrs. Davis received company every evening in her own parlor, and, as it was etiquette, we did ourselves the honor of paying our respects. I found her most affable, and an exceedingly intelligent and sprightly talker; and, with her finished *usage du monde*, she is peculiarly fitted to do honor to our Executive mansion."

Mrs. Sue A. Carter Foster, of Murfreesboro, North Carolina, the wife of Charles Henry Foster, has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband is an abolitionist.

Ex-Minister Faulkner, in his confinement at Washington, has time to think seriously of the Southern Rebellion, and he appears to speak candidly now and then. The other day, remarking on Governor Brown's (Georgia) protest against the military despotism of Jeff Davis, he said that it embodied words which came from many quarters, and that the iron rule can not but produce the results which Brown foreshadows.

The 69th Regiment decided last week to volunteer for the war, and to go out under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent. It is probable that Captain Thomas Francis Meagher will accompany them.

George W. Prentice, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, is about to receive a handsome testimonial from the friends of Liberty, Constitution, and Laws, resident in this city. The bold and fearless position taken by Mr. Prentice, in defense of the Union, against the fanatics of the South, has been the cause of much gratulation at the North, and nowhere more than in New York.

The Richmond papers say that Mrs. Henningsen, wife of the filibuster, who is now in General Wise's staff, had arrived in that city from New York. They also state that she was closely searched by the Unionists, but that she "managed to get through with over thirty pounds of quinine, five revolvers, and a galvanic battery." Smart woman!

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

HOSTILITY OF THE ENGLISH TO THE UNITED STATES.

DATES from Europe to the 16th of August state that the London press was still engaged with the discussion of the American war question. The *Globe* denies that Admiral Milne had reported on the inefficiency of the blockade of the Southern ports, and asserts that no official advices on that subject had been received by the Government. The London *Times*, in its city article and an editorial, expresses its apprehension of the financial ability of the Government in Washington to carry on the war. Mr. Russell had forwarded another letter to that journal, which is spoken of as "discouraging to the cause of the North."

BRITISH OPINION ON OUR WAR.

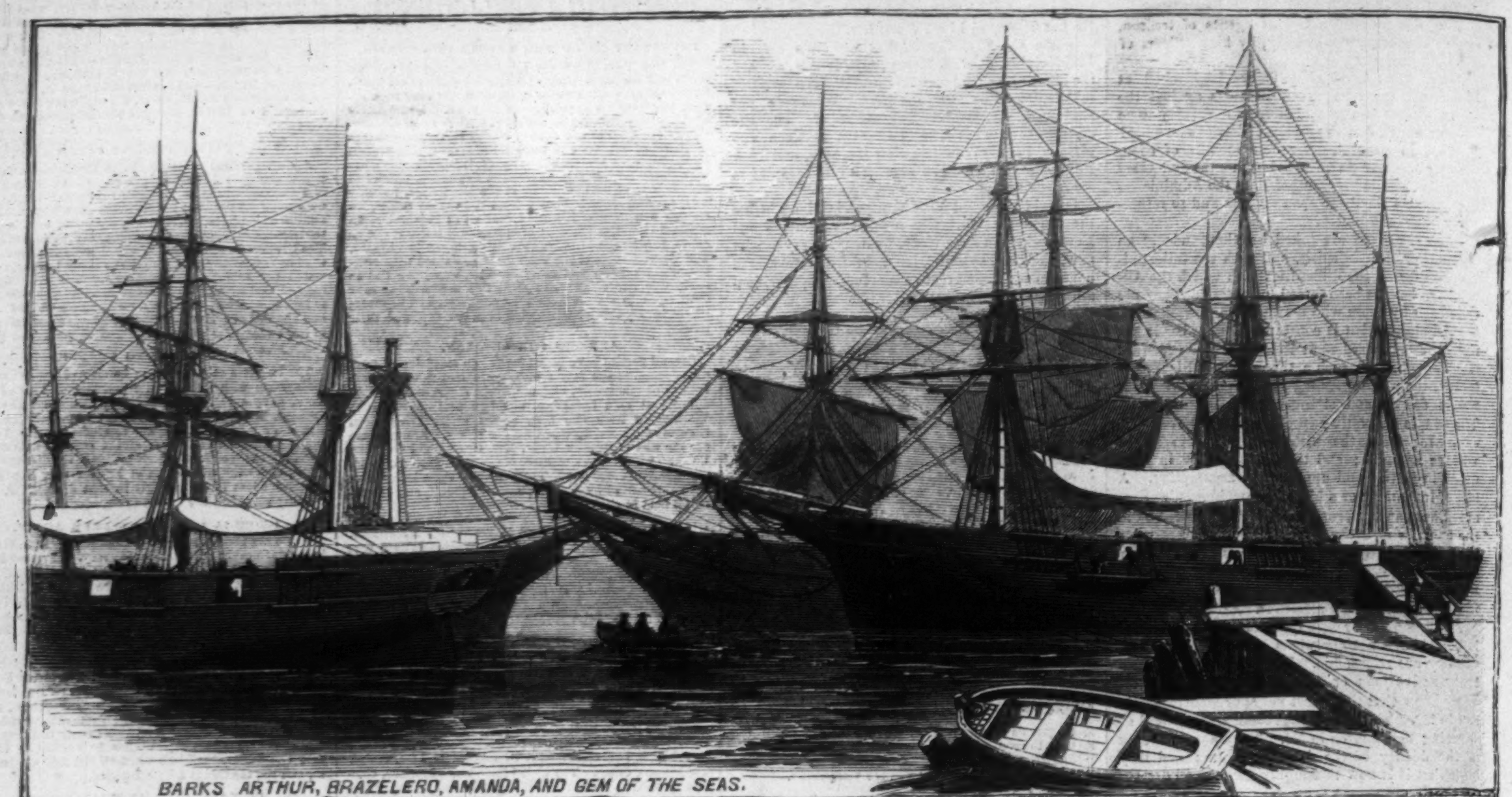
The London *Times* of the 10th remarks that the Americans of the North even take pleasure in the sensation caused by their recent unparalleled defeat. Another letter from Mr. Russell says, he having acquired further information respecting the fight, has come to the following conclusion: There was not a bayonet charge made by the Federal infantry during the day; there was not a charge of any kind made by the Confederate cavalry upon any regiment of the enemy until they broke: there was not a hand to hand encounter between any regiments; there was not a battery charged or taken by the Federalists; there were no masked batteries in play by the Confederates; there was no annihilation of rebel horse by the Zouaves or others, a volley fired by one battalion emptied three saddles among a body of horse, who approached at some distance, and the infantry which performed the execution then retired, and there were no desperate struggles except by those who wanted to get away. He then alludes to the approach of the Confederates toward Washington; says the Unionist troops were complaining of nothing having been paid them, and about 80,000 three months' men had left, or were about leaving.

FRANCE.

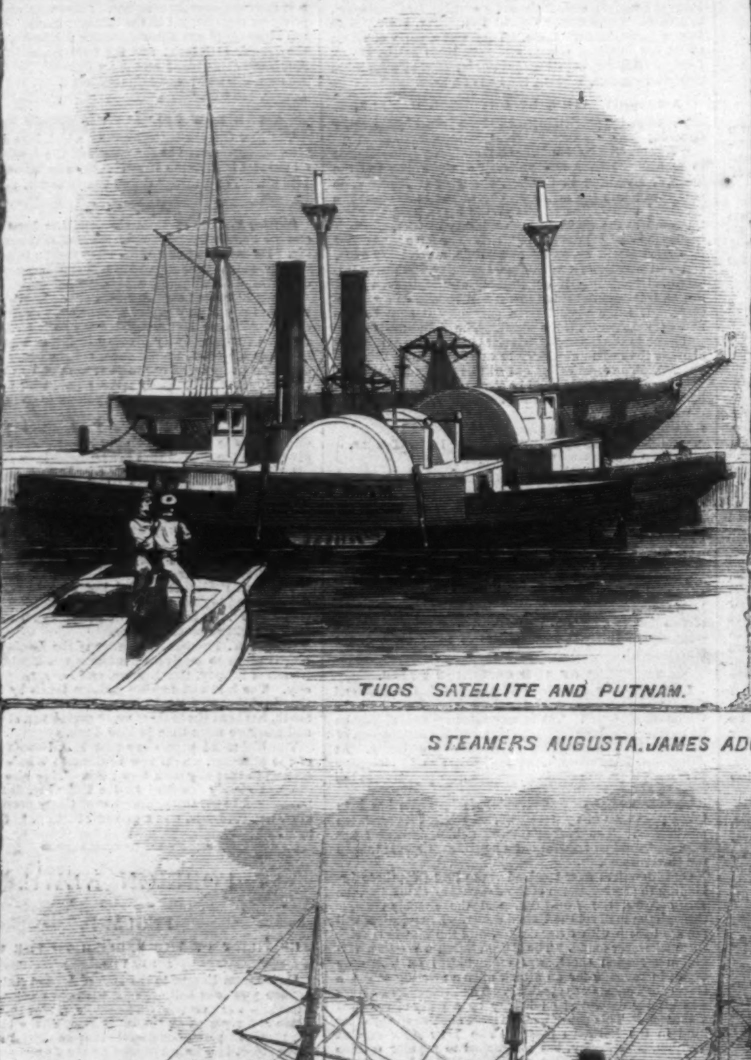
THE QUARREL WITH THE POPE.

The *Moniteur* confirms a report current, but not credited, that the French Government has sent dispatches to Rome asking satisfaction within twenty-four hours.

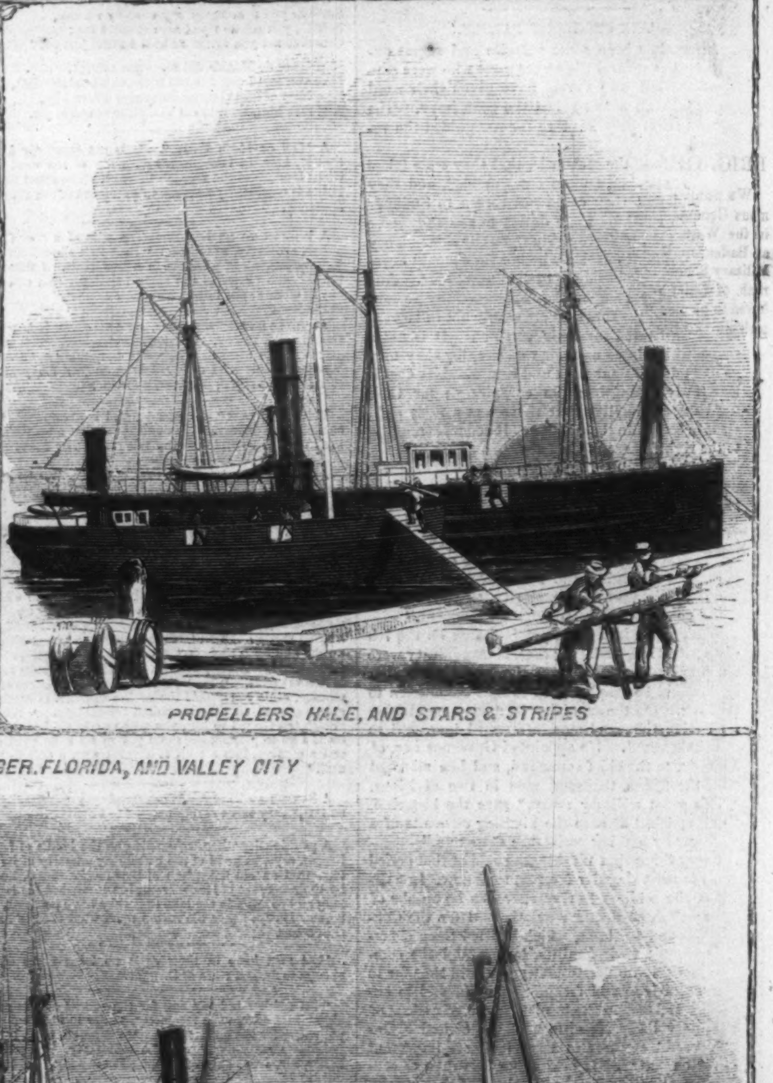
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



BARKS ARTHUR, BRAZELERO, AMANDA, AND GEM OF THE SEAS.

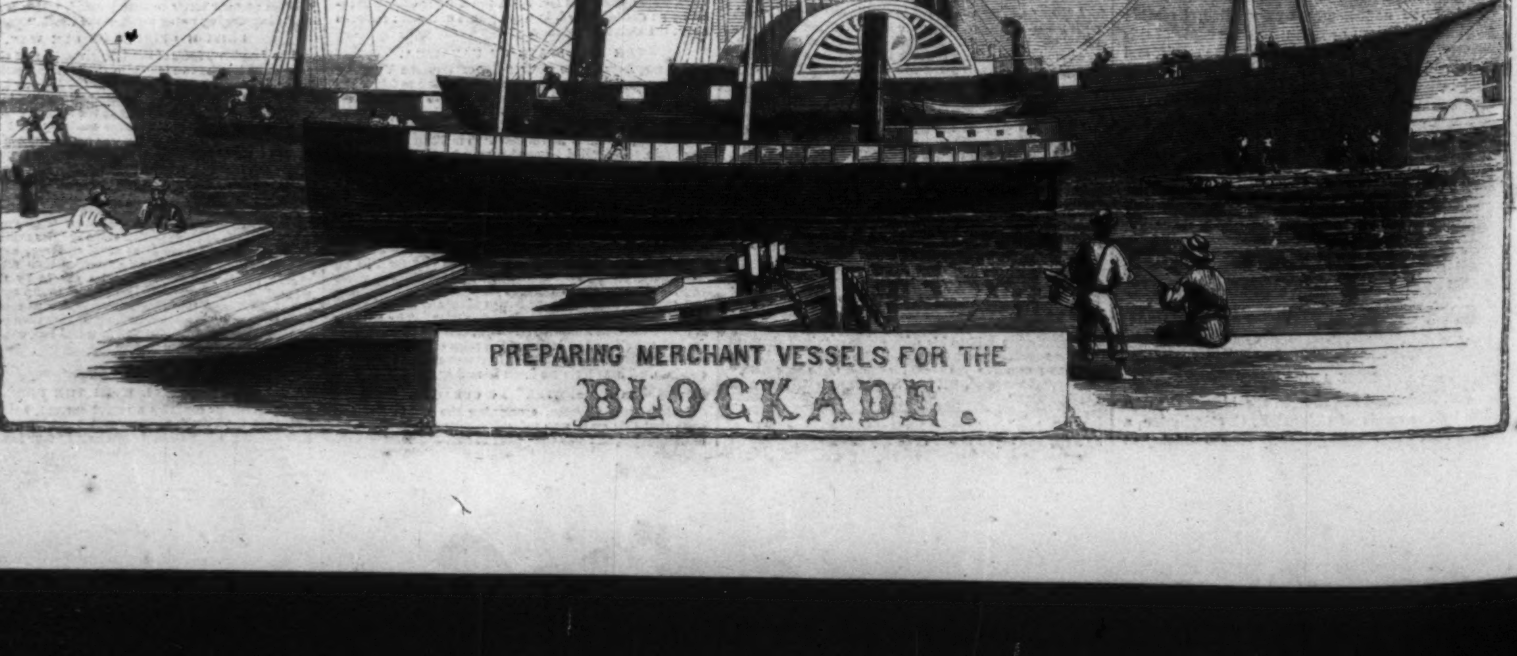


TUGS SATELLITE AND PUTNAM.



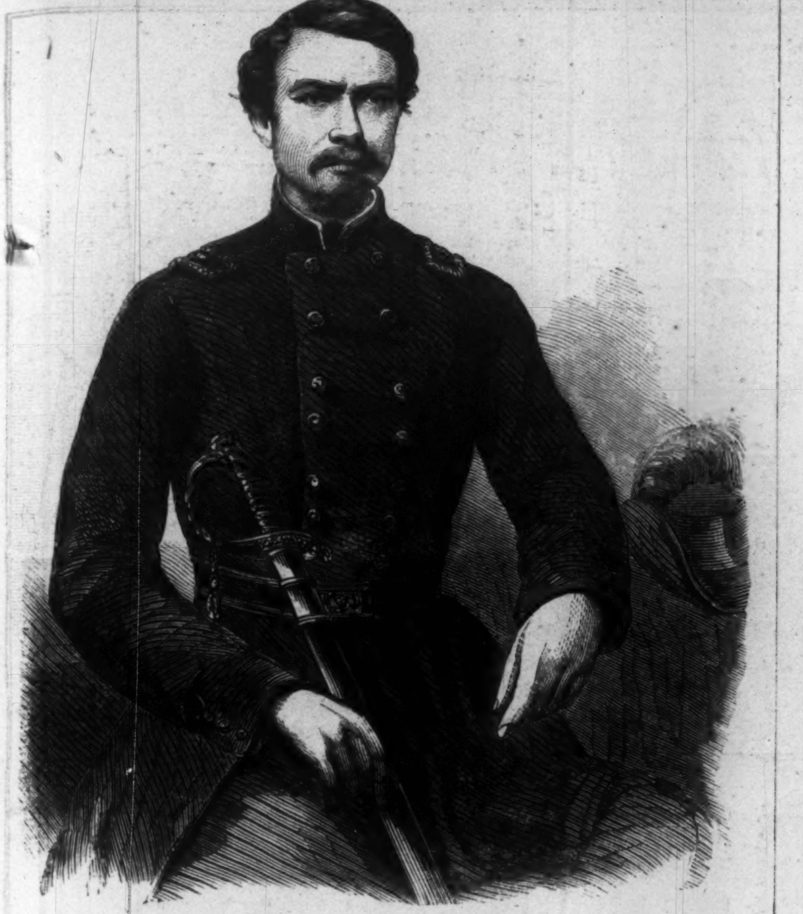
PROPELLERS HALE, AND STARS & STRIPES

STEAMERS AUGUSTA, JAMES ADGER, FLORIDA, AND VALLEY CITY

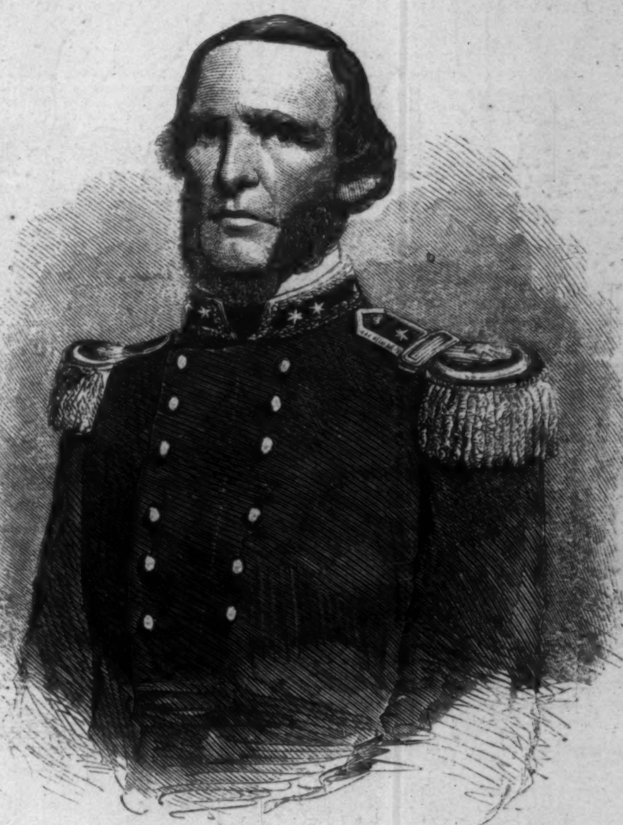


PREPARING MERCHANT VESSELS FOR THE

BLOCKADE.



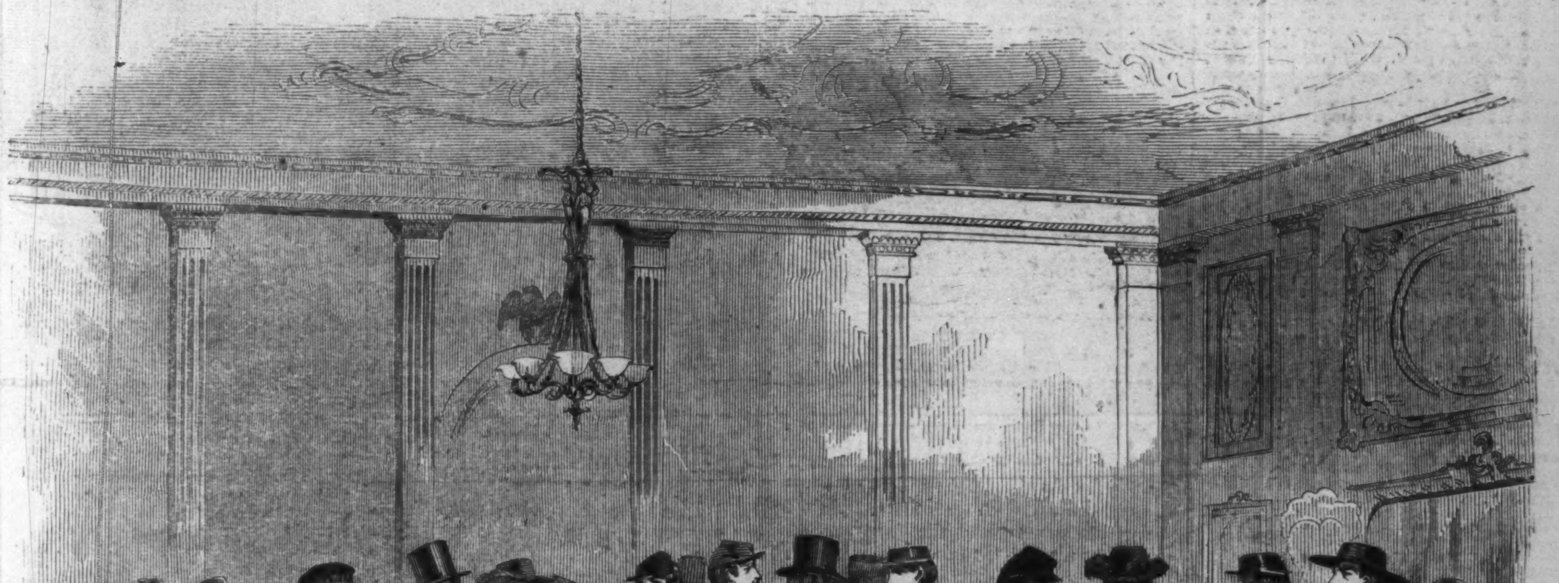
BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL.—[From a Sketch by our Artist in the West.]



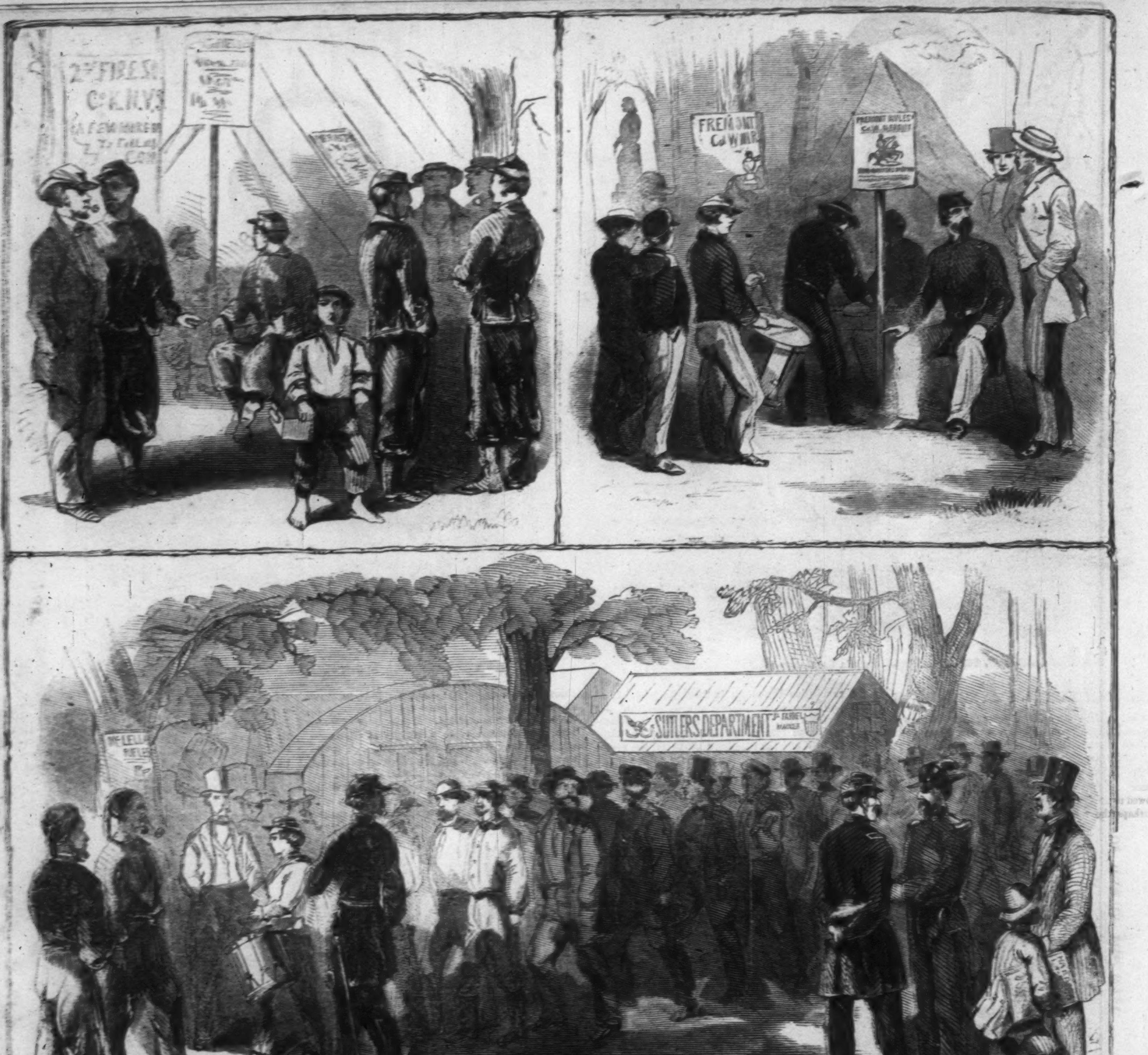
THE REBEL GENERAL BEN M‘CULLOCH.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 571.]

BRIG.-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL.

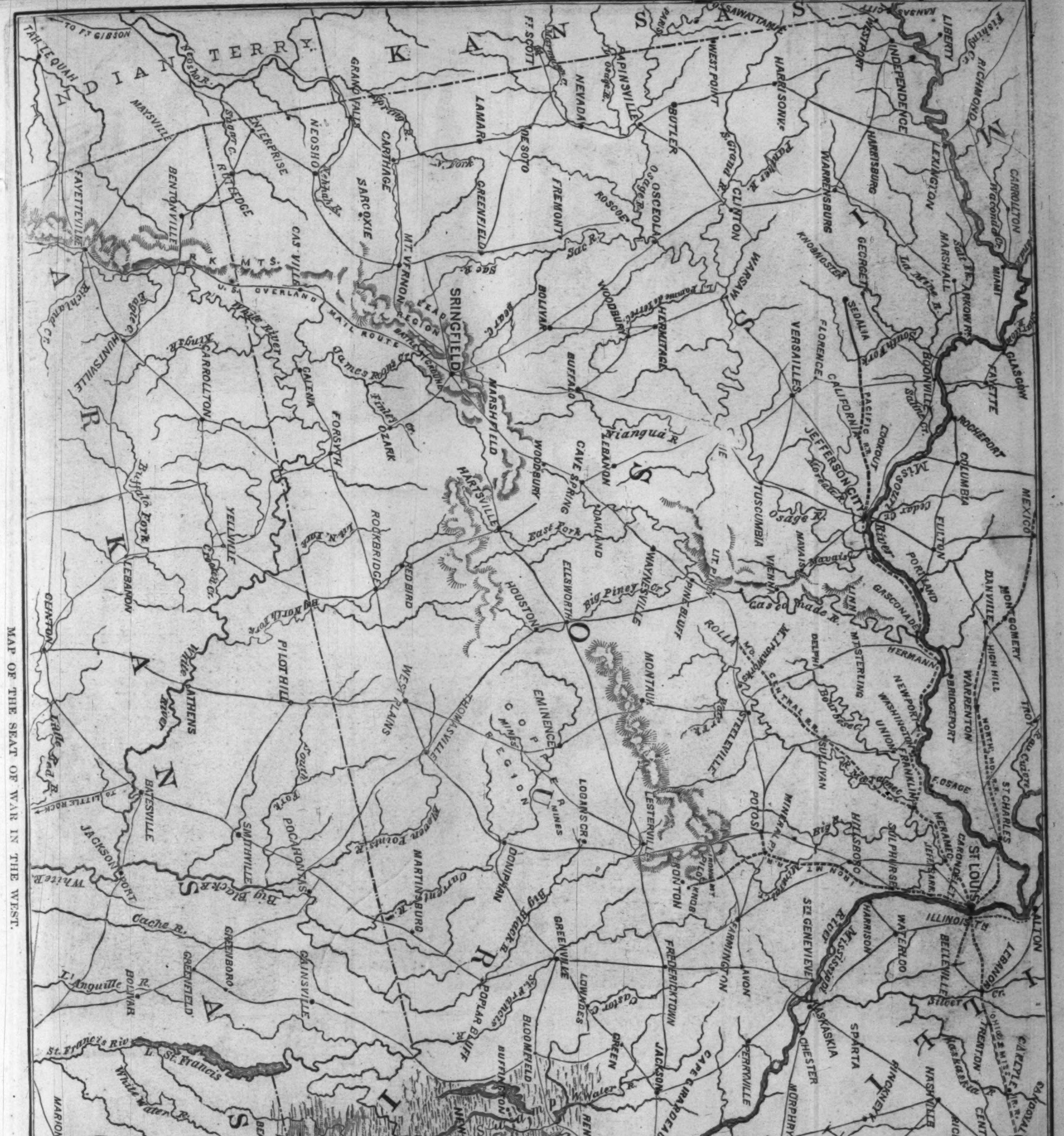
We publish herewith a portrait of this now famous General, from a sketch by one of our artists in the West. General Siegel was born in 1824, at Baden, in Germany, and was educated at the Military School of Carlsruhe. In 1847 he held the rank of Chief Adjutant, and was universally allowed to be one of the most promising officers, and perhaps the best artillerist in Germany. When the revolution broke out in 1848, he joined it at once, and lost his commission in consequence. He obtained service, however, among the revolutionists, and soon rose to the chief command of their armies. When the reaction took place, the sovereigns raised an overwhelming force to crush out Siegel. He fought them with 30,000 men against 80,000, and, more fortunate than at Springfield, he brought off every one of his guns. Peace soon left the General without an army, and he emigrated shortly afterward to this country. Here he entered the academy of a Monsieur Dulon, whose daughter he afterward married. A few years since he was chosen professor in a college at St. Louis, where he taught among other things the art of war to his pupils. When the rebellion broke out, General Siegel was one of the first of the gallant Germans of Missouri who rallied in support of the Government. He, and Blair, and Boernstein commanded the first three regiments of Volunteers raised at St. Louis. He subsequently co-operated, with vigor and ability, with the late lamented Lyon, and was with him up to the eve of the battle of Springfield. After the death of Lyon, General Siegel commanded our army, and led the retreat to Rolla, where he was at latest advices. General Siegel is a man of whom much is expected. If General M‘Culloch is attempting any rash proceedings in his vicinity, General Siegel will probably give a good account of him.



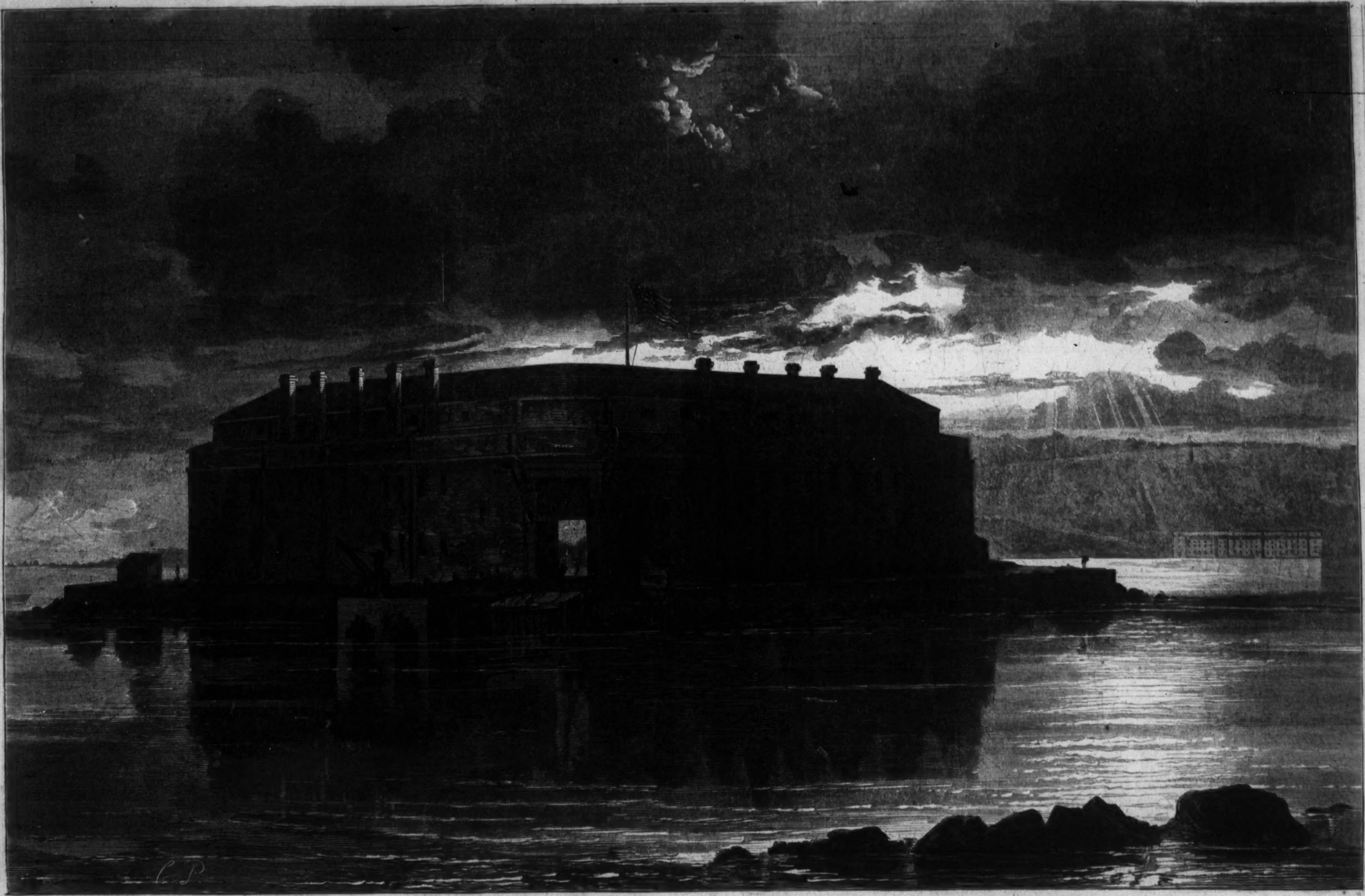
BAR OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 571.]


RECRUITING IN THE PARK
SUTLERS DEPARTMENT
FREMONT Co. W
HEAD QUARTER CAVALRY IMENT
TAMANY HALL
THE UNION MUST AND SH PRESERVED

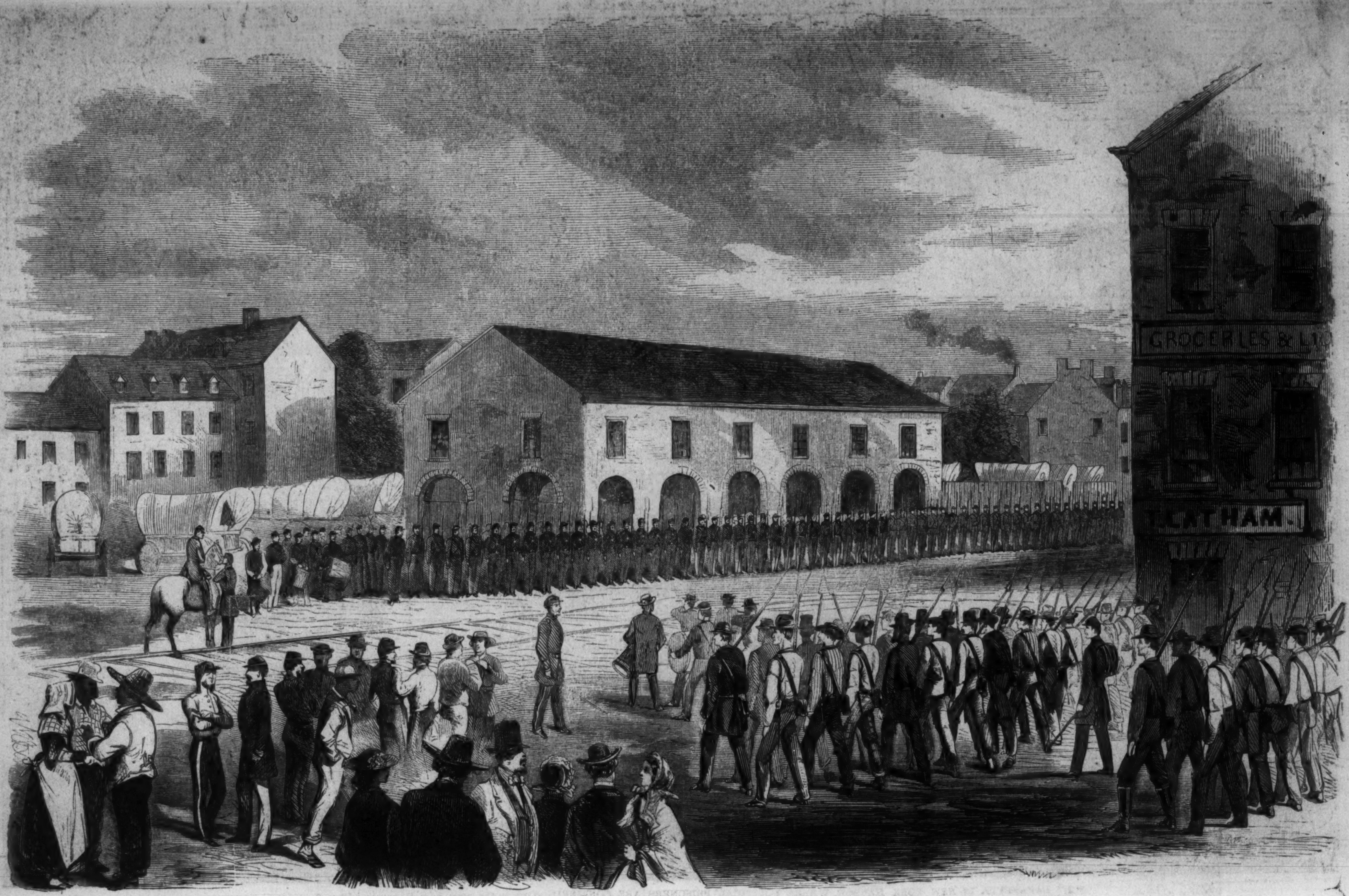
RECRUITING IN NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1861.


INDIAN TERRY.
KANSAS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
ILLINOIS
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
INDA.
MISS.
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30 40 50
Rail Roads
Main Waggon Roads only indicated
SPRINGFIELD
ST. LOUIS
JEFFERSON CITY
ROLLA
CAIRO
NEW MADRID
MEMPHIS
COLUMBUS
PADUCAH
IRONTON
CAPE GIRARDEAU
FAYETTEVILLE
BENTONVILLE
CARTHAGE
BOONVILLE
LEXINGTON
INDEPENDENCE
KANSAS CITY
WESTPORT
OSAGE R.
Missouri River
Mississippi River
Ohio River
Tennessee River
Cumberland River
White River
U.S. OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.
PACIFIC R.R.
IRON MT. R.R.
MEMPHIS & OHIO R.R.

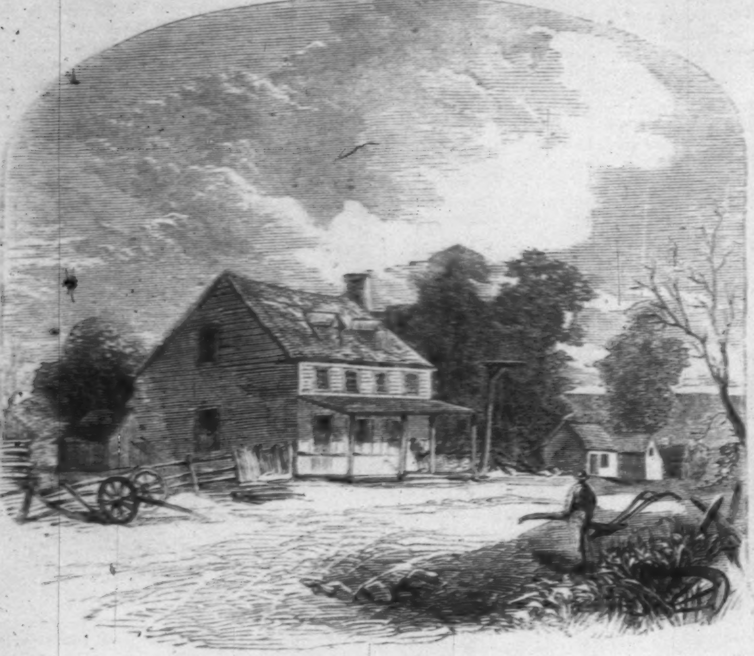
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE WEST.



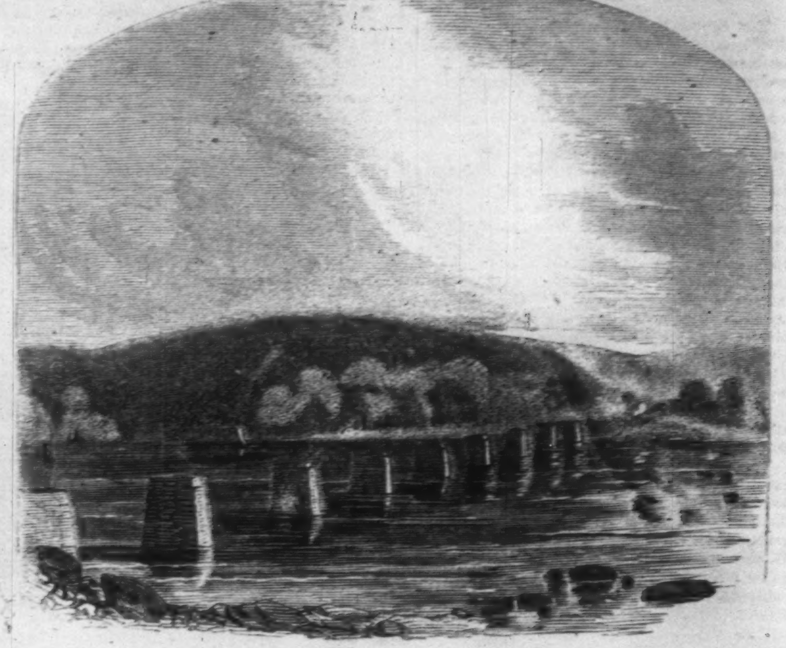
FORT LAFAYETTE, IN NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—VIEW TAKEN FROM FORT HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 571.]


GROCERIES & L
LATHAM

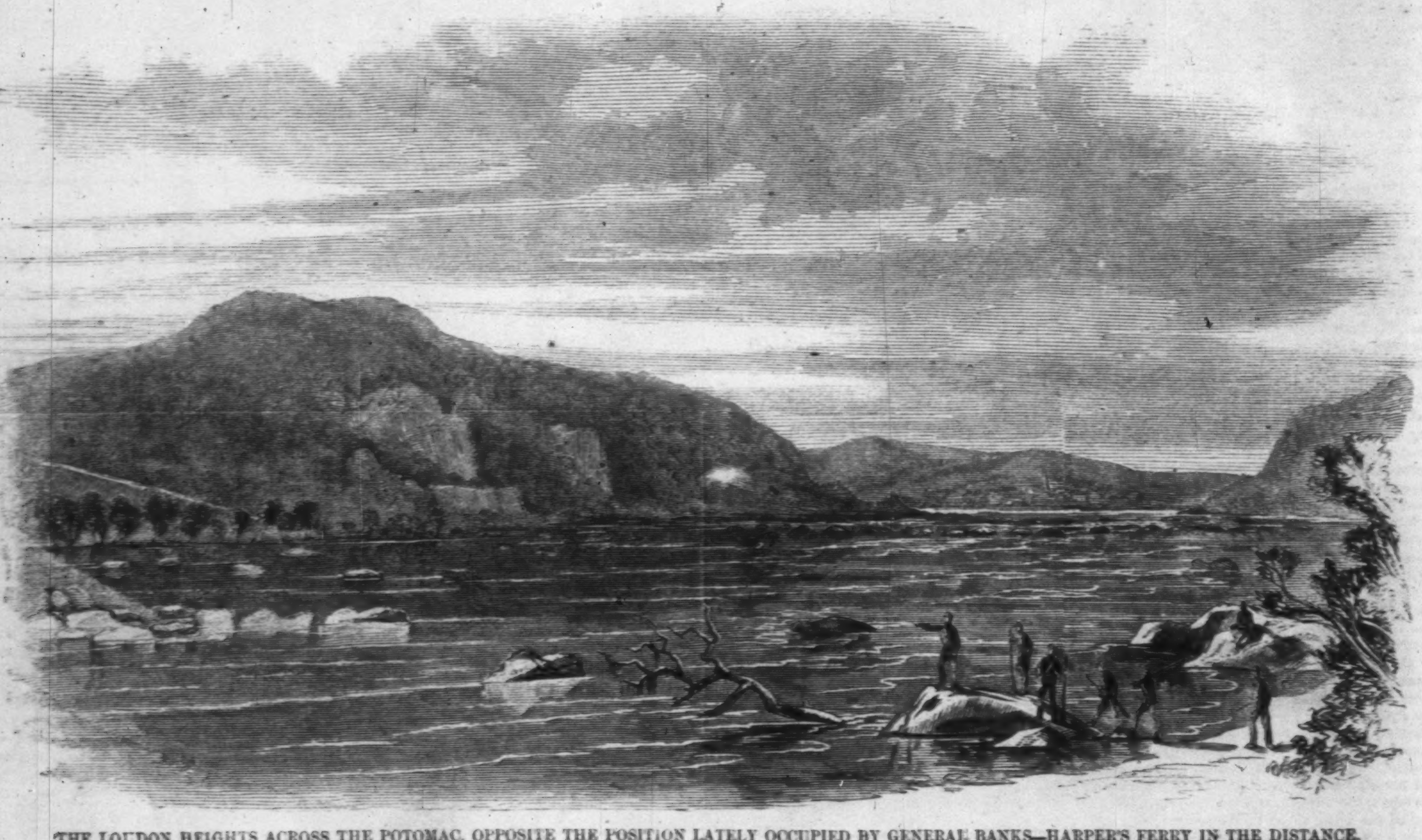
MARKET-PLACE AT WINCHESTER, RENDEZVOUS OF THE REBEL MILITIA OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—[See Page 571.]



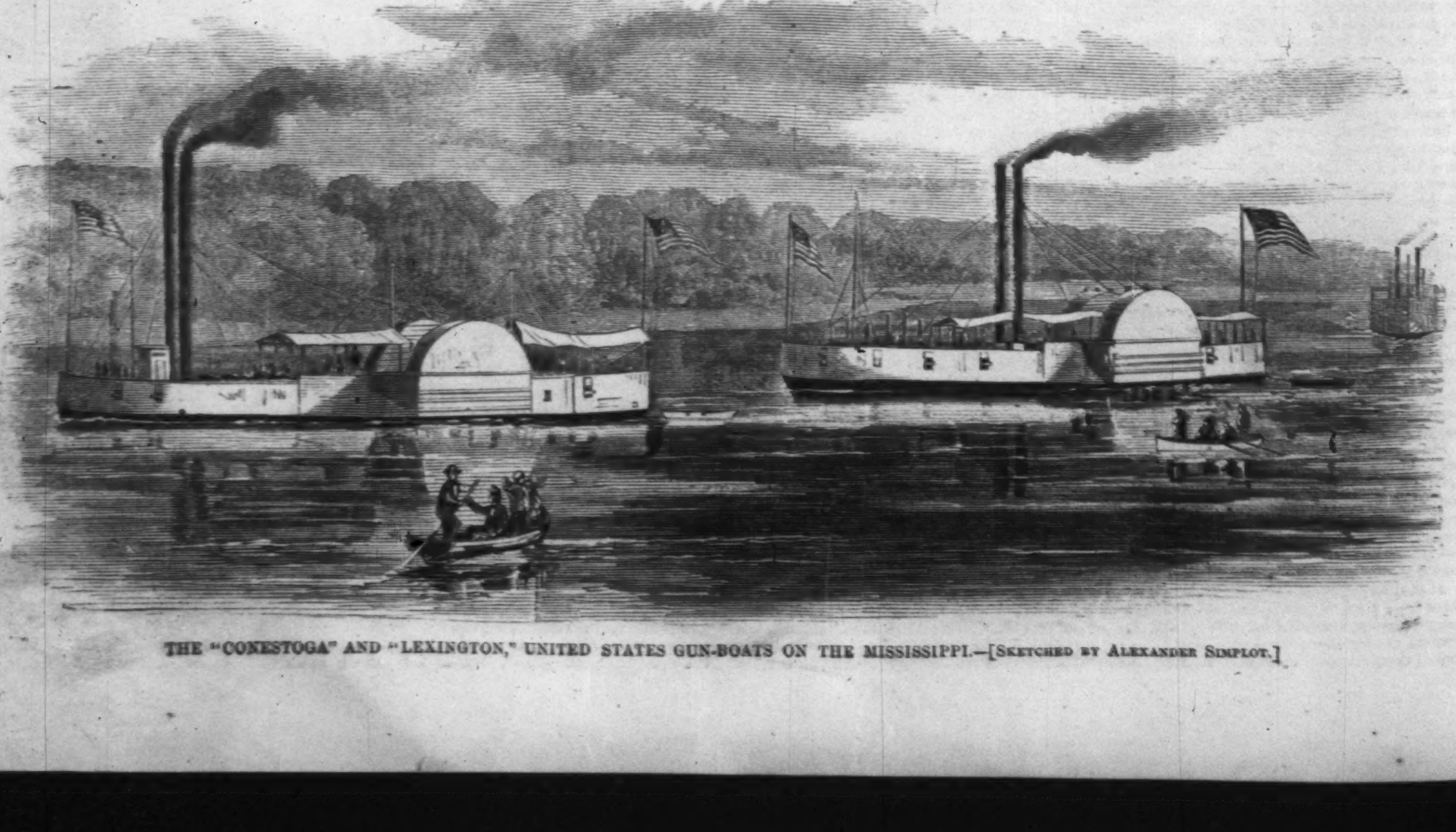
THE "HOTEL" AT CENTERVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 571.]



RUINS OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT BERLIN.—[See Page 571.]



THE LOUDON HEIGHTS ACROSS THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE THE POSITION LATELY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL BANKS—HARPER'S FERRY IN THE DISTANCE. [See Page 571.]



THE "CONESTOGA" AND "LEXINGTON," UNITED STATES GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[Sketched by Alexander Simplot.]

AMONG THE ARABS.

The Souvenirs Intimes d'un Vieux Chasseur d'Afrique, by M. Antoine Gandon, combine solid information with entertaining narrative. They are truthful and vivid military reminiscences of an epoch—the settlement of French rule in Algeria—which is passing fast from contemporary news into the domain of history. Nearly thirty years—a generation—have slipped away since the great Arab chief submitted to the force of his European foe. But besides their historic value, the Souvenirs possess a simple, serious, and sympathetic charm of their own. We have had, M. Paul d'Ivoi observes, plenty of memoirs of courts, and to spare. Here we are offered the memoirs of a nation; for the soldier who has subdued and who still holds Algeria is more than a mere army soldier: he is the peasant son of the energetic country who has planted her foot, in the name of agriculture and civilization, on an uncultivated and savage land. This soldier, a rustic in endurance, a cavalier at heart, a hero and a martyr when occasion requires, is painted by the Chasseur d'Afrique with all the affectionate accuracy we should bestow on the portrait of a bosom friend.

That which gives to old African soldiers their peculiar physiognomy is not their complexion bronzed by the sun, but the intelligence which illumines their countenance whenever there is danger to be foreseen or annoyance to be avoided. Warfare with the Bedouins is a rude school; it requires of those who wage it not only the courage indispensable to every good soldier, but also an individual disposition enabling them to compete in skill and cunning with the boldest marauders and the most finished thieves in the world. Few will believe that Arabs have penetrated, during the night, into the midst of an army of ten thousand men, and have thence stolen horses that were guarded and watched by hundreds of sentinels. As these delightful tricks did not always succeed, and a culprit was occasionally caught in the fact, it afforded the means of ascertaining their modes of proceeding.

The Arab who is projecting a master-stroke, and intends selecting the handsomest out of a thousand steeds, usually comes in the course of the day to inspect the bivouac, although he is obliged to make his preliminary observations from a distance—from a very considerable distance, it may be. The natives, in fact, are allowed to penetrate easily into the middle of an encampment; but they are almost always people of the neighborhood who form part of the expeditionary columns, such as camel-drivers, herdsmen, and pack-horse leaders, who have been hired for the transport of provisions. In the latter case, the Arab thief will be mistaken for one of the men employed; he will take good care that no one shall see him enter.

His choice made, the rogue disappears till night. In order to return to the middle of the bivouac he habitually divests himself of every item of clothing, and retains no other arm than a well-sharpened knife in a leather sheaf slung with a strap across his body. He is also provided with a long rope of camel's hair, which is twisted round his head like a turban. As soon as he has passed the first sentries the thief is metamorphosed into a serpent; he crawls on continually, without hurry, without noise, without any perceptible rustling. With his eyes fixed on the living objects whom he wishes to avoid, he stops short if he perceives in the sentinels the slightest sign that their attention has been attracted. He will take three hours, if need be, to clear a distance of a hundred yards.

At last he gets near the coveted object, the horse intended to be stolen. There his movements are more deliberate than ever, in order not to frighten the animal, who must not be allowed, for several minutes, to perform any but very natural motions, capable of deceiving the eye of the most vigilant sentinel. At first he cuts the shackles with which the horse's fore-feet are tied together, he fastens his rope to one of the horse's feet, and retires, crawling all the while, as far as the length of the rope allows him. The distance between himself and the animal then varies from twelve to fifteen feet. If, during these preparations, the horsekeepers appear to have heard any noise, the thief again remains motionless; the horse remaining quiet and the sentinels resuming their former tranquillity, the process of stealing is continued.

The Arab slightly pulls the rope; solicited by this mute appeal, the horse rises and sets a step; but the movement is so perfectly similar to that which the animal is in the habit of making when he wants to reach a wisp of hay or a blade of grass a little way off the stake to which he is fastened, that, by night, nine sentinels out of ten would be deceived. The robber repeats the same manœuvre as long as possible. As he has carefully studied the ground, he will continue it while no alarm is given; but generally, once out of the immediate reach of the men whose duty is to keep special watch over the stolen horse, he leaps on the animal's back and sets off at full gallop, well knowing that gunshots by night are only dangerous for the comrades of those who fire them. Sometimes the thief covers his entire person with leaves, but he will commit no such foolish act in a country denuded of shrubs and bushes. On naked ground he is as naked as a snake, in a bushy country he transforms himself into a living bush; in short, he assimilates his person to the aspect of the country he is traversing.

From the general to the private soldier every one was so liable to these misadventures that few could laugh at the expense of their neighbors. Nobody could boast of being safe from these audacious thefts, in spite of every imaginable precaution. If you made game of your comrade who had lost his calf, you might find, next morning, that you had been robbed of your cow.

At that date the army was not yet provided with those little tents, so convenient and so easy to carry, which are now in fashion. They slept, then, with the sky for their roof; the foot-soldier, with a modest camp coverlet; the luckier horseman, sheltered by his immense cloak and the vast blanket which, in the light cavalry, was placed, folded into sixteen, between the saddle and the horse's back. The police-station, placed as it is in the centre of the bivouac, guarded by the sentinels of its own regiment, and by all those of the infantry besides, ought, one would think, to have nothing to fear from thieves. Nevertheless, a station of this kind was victimized by some thieves of the province of Tlemcen one splendid summer's night of 1836.

The police-station in question, with the exception of the sentinel, snored like one man, including the quarter-master of the platoon, who, profiting by the calmness of the atmosphere and the mildness of the temperature, had taken off nearly all his clothing, in order to enjoy complete repose. Rolled up in a warm blanket, which itself was encased with a thick cloak, with his head reposing on a sack of barley, beneath which he had placed his clothes, the brave sous-officier was dreaming, perhaps, that he was carrying off one of the emir's flags—the customary dream of all Chasseurs d'Afrique in Abd-el-Kader's time—when the trumpets of the regiment sounded the ear-piercing summons to awake.

"Already!" said the happy sleeper, with a yawn. "Are we never to enjoy twenty-four hours of quiet? Sentinel!"

"Here, quarter-master. Do you want any thing?"

"Yes; hand me my pantaloons and my boots, that I may dress myself behind the curtains. You will find them under the barley-sack."

The sentinel lifted the sack, and announced, "Neither pantaloons nor boots do I see there."

"What do you mean? Neither boots nor— I say, you there, you fellows of the guard, get up a little quicker than that. What have you done with my boots?"

"Your boots?" replied a chasseur, who had followed his quarter-master's example in relieving his feet of their casings during the night, "I can't find my own!"

"Fortunately I only took off my braces," muttered the brigadier, who sought in vain for the two leather straps so designated.

"In that case, we had best say no more about it," the quarter-master hastily replied. "While we were fast asleep, some Bedouin thief has paid us a visit. We must conceal the matter, if possible; only you will allow me to observe that you have all slept on guard, like so many logs of wood, be it said without offending you."

As usual, the chasseurs made oath that they had watched conscientiously; but the mischief was done, and they had now only to remedy it. Some comrades, who were fortunately supplied with a change, helped to furnish the missing articles; and the only individual on whom evil consequences fell was the chasseur, who was obliged to return unshod to his squadron, and to pass in that state before the officer of the platoon to which he belonged. That officer had not seen much service in Africa, having come there lately by exchange.

"Ah, ha!" he said to the poor chasseur. "You let your boots be stolen while you were on guard! Villainous soldier!"

It was a villainous expression which the young officer made use of; but discipline is severe; and the chasseur, really an excellent soldier, made no other reply than by biting his mustache, on which he could not prevent a hot tear from falling.

Four days after this adventure the officer's horse was stolen, and the chasseur took no further revenge on his superior than to remark, "You now see, lieutenant, that every body is liable to these accidents—the Bedouins are such thieves!—but the parties robbed are not the more villainous soldiers for that."

Captain Cavaignac—as he then was—who was exceedingly beloved by his men, possessed a magnificent mare and foal, which were confided to the care of a Chasseur d'Afrique, who every morning took them to graze in the orchards which extend around the ramparts of Méchouar, taking good care also to keep within gunshot of the sentinels who were placed at the outposts. One day, while the brave fellow, reckoning perhaps a little too much on the neighborhood of the sentinels, had gone to sleep beneath the shade of an olive-tree, an Arab marauder, gliding like an adder through the grass, managed to secure the colt without a single human witness of the theft. On awaking, the poor fellow in charge could not believe his eyes. In vain he searched the environs, in vain he interrogated the sentinels, who had not lost sight of the mare for a single instant. They had not heard the slightest noise; and they considered the colt's disappearance so extraordinary a fact that they assured their comrade that he must have forgotten to bring the young one in the morning with its mother. The chasseur, convinced of the contrary, as well as of the uselessness of any further search, led back the mare to Méchouar, and, with tears in his eyes, related his misadventure to Captain Cavaignac.

"They have contrived to steal my colt, Captain, but I assure you it was no fault of mine; and I mean to catch the thief, I give you my word for it."

"I forbid you to go and meet your death for the sake of a wretched colt which is lost past recovery," replied the Captain. "One day or other, situated as we are, we might be obliged to kill and eat it; and I had rather, ma foi! that the poor little creature should be alive and well with the Arabs than dead with us."

"You tell me that, Captain, in order not to vex me; but I can see very well that you are vexed about it yourself. Saçre—! It shall never be said that a thief of a Bedouin—I have a plan of my own—"

In vain did the Captain endeavor to console the disconsolate chasseur; who promised, it is true, not to rush into danger, but who would not swear to give up the pursuit of the robber.

"Let me see," said our chasseur, as he returned to the stable, which was by no means the worst lodging in Méchouar, "how I must set about to catch my thief. If I go pittering and pining to my comrades, they will all of them want to come with me, although I was the only one to fall asleep, like the great big imbecile that I was. I must undertake the expedition alone. The Bedouin has the colt; he will be wanting the mother. Good; we will try and have a meeting tête-à-tête."

The day after the colt had been so cleverly conjured away, the chasseur led the mare, as usual, to graze, and lay down in the shade of the olive-tree, exactly as he had done the day before. That day nothing new occurred. Next day a repetition of the same occurrences. On the third day things took quite a different turn.

While the sentinels, believing their comrade asleep at his usual resting-place, gave a look now and then at the mare who was fastened with a long rope to a stake fixed in the ground, an Arab, almost naked, jumped on the animal's back, after cutting the rope round its foot. But, at the same instant, another individual, just as lightly clad as the former, pounced upon the robber, dashed him to the ground, and literally strangled him, without cord or lasso, with the help of nothing but his hands. The chasseur's plan had perfectly succeeded. For three days, after pretending to fall asleep beneath his favorite olive-tree, he had crawled out of his uniform, which remained on the spot to deceive the thief, and then, creeping in another direction, had crouched in a hole dug close to the mare, who served to decoy the ravisher of the colt.

GENERAL BEN M'CULLOCH.

General Ben M'Culloch, whose portrait we publish on page 565, is now the commander of the rebel forces in Southwestern Missouri. He is a Tennesseean by birth, having first seen the light in Rutherford County, Tennessee, in 1814. His father served as an officer in General Jackson's army. The son was always a wild, daring lad; most of his youth was spent in hunting bears and other wild animals. Having arrived at the age of manhood, he took to a trapper's life, and found himself in Texas when the war broke out between that State and Mexico. He served under General Houston, and commanded a gun at the battle of San Jacinto. For several years afterward he was employed by Government in surveying lands and resisting Indian forays. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he raised a company of Texans, and joined General Taylor's army after the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto: previous to the battle of Buena Vista he rendered useful service as a scout. He was subsequently attached to General Scott's army, which he accompanied to the City of Mexico. Ever since the peace, Ben M'Culloch, like the bulk of the rebel leaders, has been living on the Government he is now in arms endeavoring to destroy. For several years he served as United States Marshal in Texas—one of poor Pierce's appointments. Mr. Buchanan, whose affinity for traitors was conspicuous, sent him as Peace Commissioner to Utah—a post he was about as well qualified to fill as Mr. Elihu Burritt would be to command an army. Ben M'Culloch reappeared in Virginia in January last, and was said to be at the head of a body of rebels who were to seize the capital; he was, however, distrusted by the wiser heads of the rebellion, and sent off to the West. His victory at Springfield will probably bring him into direct collision with General Frémont.

LIFE AMONG THE REBELS.

We devote page 561 to an illustration of a scene which will be familiar to all the volunteers who have been quartered in Baltimore. It represents A Female Secessionist flaunting her Colors in the face of our troops. This has been an everyday incident at Baltimore ever since the 19th April. The men dare not insult the troops, but the women of Baltimore presume upon their sex, and wear secession colors, and salute our boys with—"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "How about Bull Run?" "Why don't you go home?"—vastly to the amusement of our fellows.

Another picture on page 565, from a sketch by the artist to whom we are indebted for so many life-like sketches of the rebels, represents the Bar of the Spotswood House at Richmond, Virginia, where the rebel officers most congregate. It is a good spot to hear abuse of Northerners and abolitionists, and, judging from the reports of prisoners, the swearing done there beats the performance of "our army in Flanders" all to nothing.

Again, on page 569 we give a picture of the Old Market-place at Winchester, Virginia, which, our correspondent says, now presents a very animated appearance. It is the head-quarters of the militia for half a dozen counties, and there are generally from 6000 to 8000 men there who are kept constantly at work drilling. Each regiment serves for two weeks, and is then replaced by another, and after a fortnight's furlough returns to Winchester. Late rumors, which need confirmation, however, assert that General Banks is in possession of Winchester.

With regard to the sketch of the hotel at Centerville, on page 570, our artist says he made it when not fifty people in the United States outside of Virginia had ever heard of the place. Centerville was once a village of some importance, being kept up by the stage travel on the old Warrington turnpike; but since the opening of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad the turnpike has gone down, and Centerville has been compelled to follow it. Our artist says he stopped there one night, and, though quartered in the best chamber in the hotel, had to sleep with his head on a saddle, there being no bolsters or pillows in the house. The right name of the place is Center*ville*, not Cent*re*ville, as the maps have it.

The two views on the Upper Potomac, which are published on the same page, are places frequently mentioned in the newspapers. The bridge at Berlin was destroyed by the Confederates in June last; their pickets now hold one end of it, while the United States troops occupy the other. On the top of a high rock on the Loudon heights the Secessionists formerly had a battery of rifled cannon, for the purpose of commanding the approach to Harper's Ferry, but when Johnson left the place the guns were removed. A late dispatch from General Banks's column says:

> Head-quarters, Sandy Hook, Md.
>
> Yesterday evening the freight train from Baltimore, arriving here about four o'clock, brought intelligence that a fight was progressing at Berlin. Other rumors were also circulated that several regiments of the Confederates were approaching the river opposite Berlin from Lovettsville, for the purpose of erecting a battery to stop the trains. This and other information received at head-quarters, to the effect that Point of Rocks was threatened by a strong Confederate force, induced the General to dispatch Colonel Geary's regiment and the Rhode Island battery to Point of Rocks.
>
> About one o'clock last night a blue rocket was thrown up by the Confederates in the rear of Loudon heights, about two miles from our camp, which was probably a signal that our reinforcements were moving down the river.
>
> An officer from Berlin this morning states that the fight of last night consisted of about twenty-five Confederates approaching the river and firing a volley into our picket-guard on the abutment of the burned bridge, and also into the town of Berlin. Major Ledlie, of the 19th New York regiment, at once dispatched a battalion of his regiment to the aid of the pickets. The enemy, however, had disappeared. No one on our side was killed or seriously wounded, nor is it known that the enemy suffered any loss.
>
> The same authority asserts that the picket-guard at Berlin have for some days past heard a regimental band of the Confederates, apparently between the shore and Lovettsville, and also that the force at Lovettsville consists of about five hundred cavalry, supported probably by a considerable infantry force.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS WIFE.

We publish on page 573 new portraits of Prince Napoleon and his Wife, the Princess Clotilde, from a photograph from Fredericks. These are probably the best likenesses in existence of our distinguished visitors, and should any political complications grow out of the visit of the Prince—as seems not unlikely—they will possess historic interest.

MERCHANT VESSELS FOR THE NAVY.

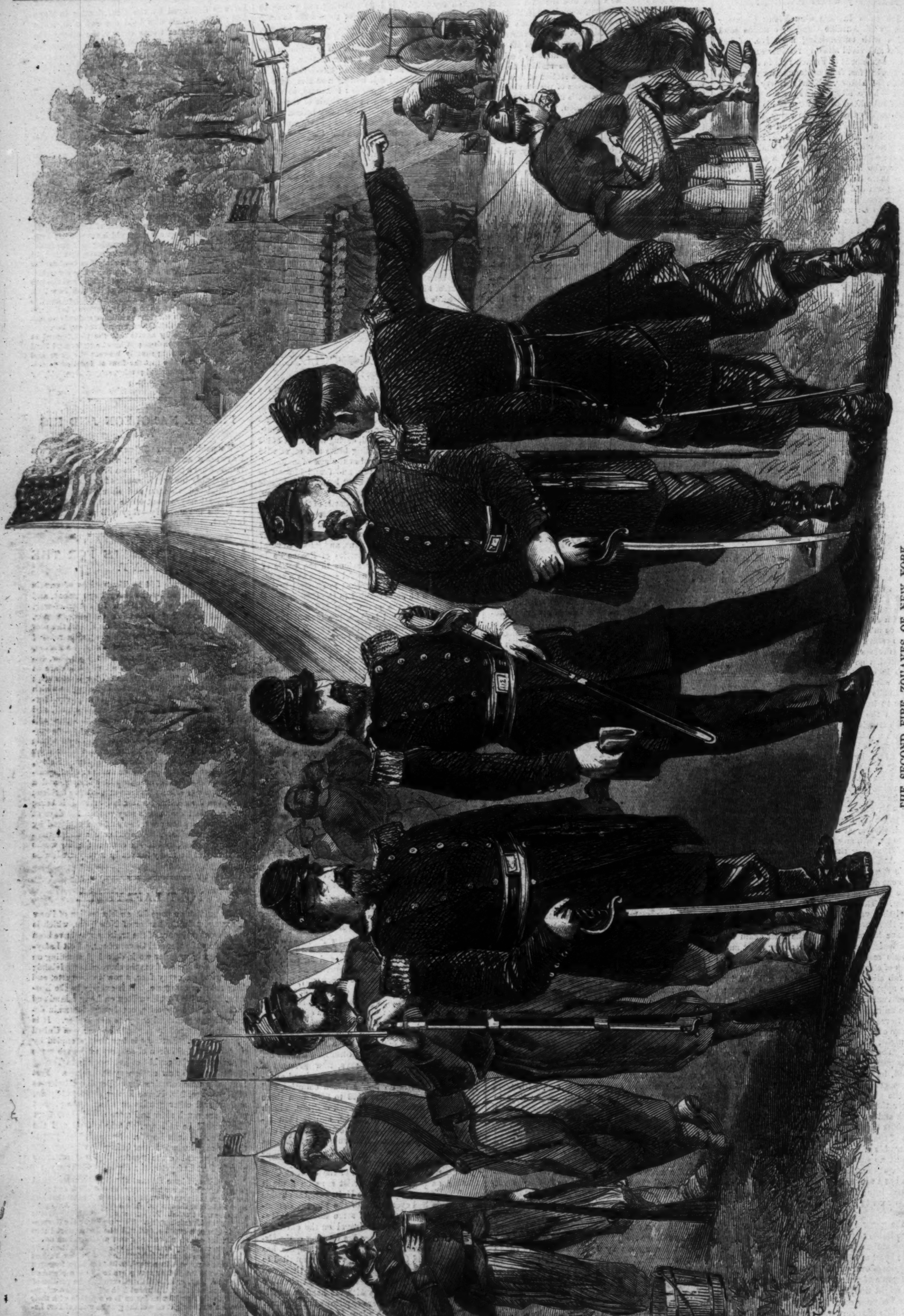
We devote page 564 to illustrations of vessels recently purchased by the Navy Department, and now in process of conversion into men-of-war. Among others the steamers *James Adger*, *Augusta*, and *Florida*, each 1400 or 1500 tons, and the propeller *E. B. Hale*, all of which are being refitted at the yard of Webb & Bell; and the barks *Arthur*, 700 tons; *Brazelero*, 600 tons; *Gem of the Seas*, 406 tons; and *Amanda*, 400 tons, all of which are at Westervelt's yard in charge of Dan Westervelt; are represented in our picture. The changes which are being effected in these vessels are very thorough. Their upper decks are being torn off, and all ornament removed. Additional knees and braces are put in to give strength, and extra support is given to that portion of the decks where the guns will stand. The bulwarks are bored for guns, and covers provided for port-holes. Below, the state-rooms and partitions are taken out, quarters provided for several hundred sailors, and a dozen or more officers, in true man-of-war fashion; the space for coal and water is increased, it being intended that the vessels may remain 100 days at sea; the staircases are taken out, and replaced by man-of-war ladders. Altogether the transformation is complete, and in the course of a few weeks the fleet will be ready for sea in a very creditable shape.

FORT LAFAYETTE.

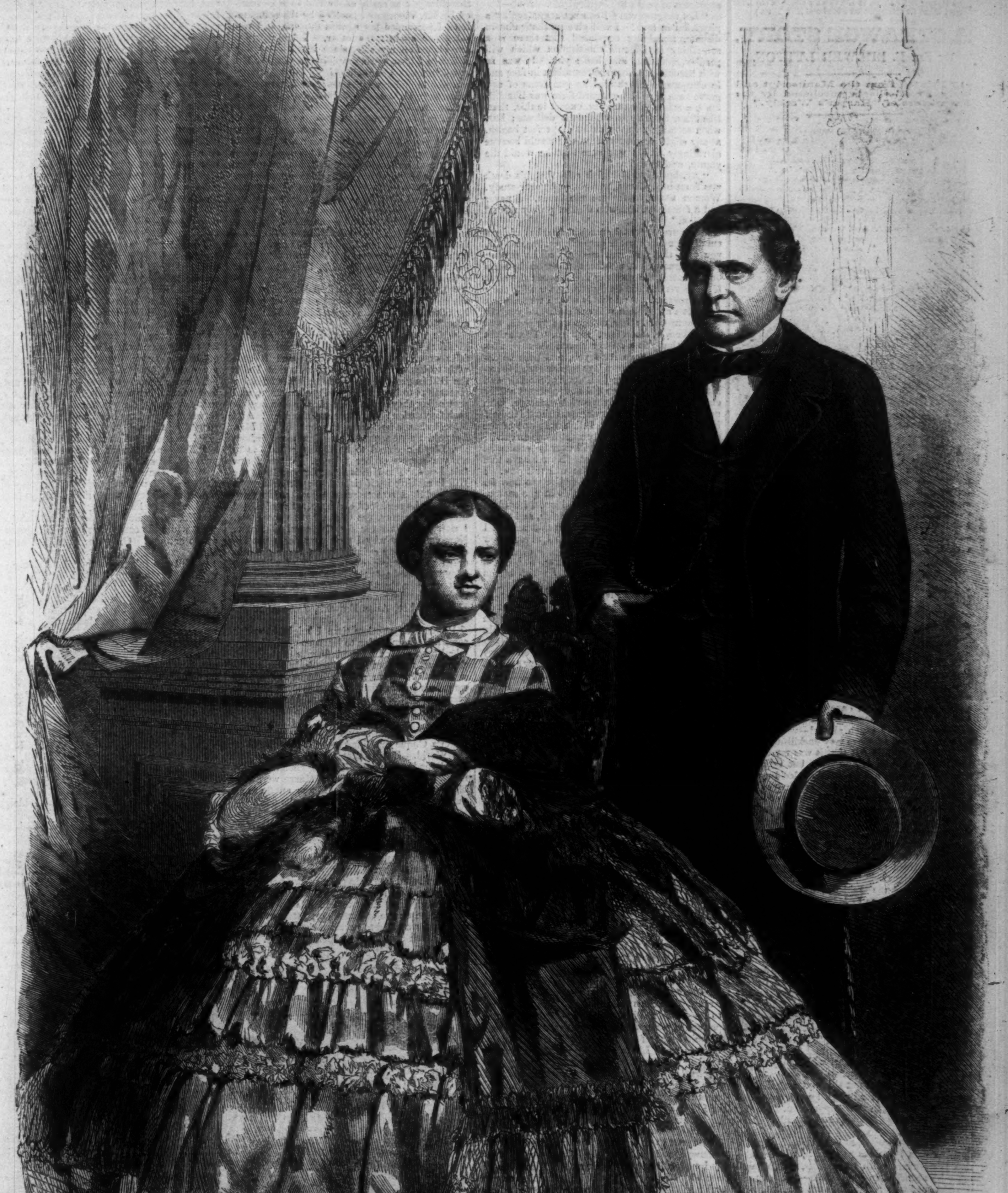
We publish on page 568 an illustration of Fort Lafayette, in the harbor of New York, which is the present residence of the traitors who have been arrested by the General Government. Fort Lafayette is a quadrangular work, detached, standing on a shoal about an acre from the shore of Long Island; it has guns on every face, a row in barbette, and three rows in casemate. It is exactly in the Narrows, and, with Fort Hamilton on Long Island and Fort Tompkins opposite, constitutes the main defense of the principal entry to our harbor. It is usually garrisoned by part of a company of United States troops. Latterly it has been occupied by the wives and children of soldiers who were made prisoners or who could not get home from Texas, the ladies have now made way for traitors. Fort Lafayette now contains the Police Commissioners of Baltimore, Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, and several other gentlemen who, in the present crisis, are much safer and more useful there than they would be at large. Their friends call the Fort the American Bastile. Some of these sympathizers may know it better before very long

With regard to the treatment of the prisoners now in Fort Lafayette, the *Herald* reporter says:

> The prisoners have never at any time been prohibited from getting whatever newspapers they desired, and none were more indignant than they at the falsehoods that had been told about the matter. In all respects the State prisoners are well treated. They are as comfortably lodged as is consistent with safe keeping. They are fed by the Government at its own expense, and with the best material that the market can afford, and any one, or all of them are at liberty to order any luxury in the shape of food they have a mind to from the most fashionable hotel in New York at their own expense. In a word, it has not been forgotten that traitors though they may prove to be when placed on their trial, they, or most of them, occupied the position of gentlemen, and their treatment is in all respects conformable with that position as far as is compatible with their retention on the right side of the granite walls of Fort Lafayette.
>
> The principal among them are, Charles Howard, William Gitchell, Charles Hinks, John Davis, —— Alvey, —— Lyon, —— Smith, Robert Muir, Thomas S. Serrill, Charles Kopperan, Pierce Butler, Louis De Bebian, Samuel Aikin, Colonel Charles H. Tyler, J. G. Berret.



THE SECOND FIRE ZOUAVES OF NEW YORK.



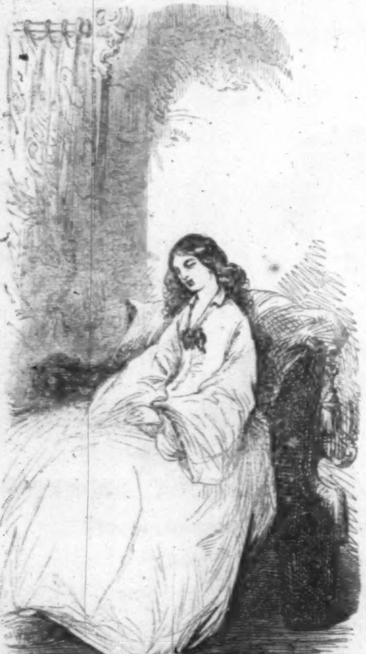
PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.—Photographed by Fredericks.—[See Page 571.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XIII.

The next day I had just dismissed the last of my visiting patients, and was about to enter my carriage and commence my round, when I received a twisted note containing but these words:

"Call on me to-day, as soon as you can.
"M. Poyntz."

A few minutes afterward I was in Mrs. Poyntz's drawing-room.

"Well, Allen Fenwick," said she, "I do not serve friends by halves. No thanks! I but adhere to a principle I have laid down for myself. I spent last evening with the Ashleighs. Lilian is certainly much altered—very weak, I fear very ill, and I believe very unskillfully treated by Dr. Jones. I felt that it was my duty to insist on a change of physician, but there was something else to consider before deciding who that physician should be. I was bound, as your confidant, to consult your own scruples of honor. Of course I could not say point-blank to Mrs. Ashleigh, Dr. Fenwick admires your daughter, would you object to him as a son-in-law? Of course I could not touch at all on the secret with which you intrusted me; but I have not the less arrived at a conclusion, in agreement with my previous belief, that not being a woman of the world, Anne Ashleigh has none of the ambition which women of the world would conceive for a daughter who has a good fortune and considerable beauty; that her predominant anxiety is for her child's happiness, and her predominant fear is that her child will die. She would never oppose any attachment which Lilian might form, and if that attachment were for one who had preserved her daughter's life, I believe her own heart would gratefully go with her daughter's. So far, then, as honor is concerned, all scruples vanish."

I sprang from my seat, radiant with joy. Mrs. Poyntz dryly continued: "You value yourself on your common sense, and to that I address a few words of counsel which may not be welcome to your romance.

"I said that I did not think you and Lilian would suit each other in the long-run; reflection confirms me in that supposition. Do not look at me so incredulously and so sadly. Listen, and take heed.

"Ask yourself what, as a man whose days are devoted to a laborious profession, whose ambition is entwined with its success, whose mind must be absorbed in its pursuits—ask yourself what kind of wife you would have sought to win, had not this sudden fancy for a charming face rushed over your better reason, and obliterated all previous plans and resolutions. Surely some one with whom your heart would have been quite at rest; by whom your thoughts would have been undistracted from the channels into which your calling should concentrate their flow; in short, a serene companion in the quiet holiday of a trustful home. Is it not so?"

"You interpret my own thoughts when they have turned toward marriage. But what is there in Lilian Ashleigh that should mar the picture you have drawn?"

"What is there in Lilian Ashleigh which in the least accords with the picture? In the first place, the wife of a young physician should not be his perpetual patient. The more he loves her, and the more worthy she may be of love, the more her case will haunt him wherever he goes. When he returns home, it is not to a holiday; the patient he most cares for, the anxiety that most gnaws him, awaits him there."

"But, good Heavens! why should Lilian Ashleigh be a perpetual patient? The sanitary resources of youth are incalculable. And—"

"Let me stop you; I can not argue against a physician in love! I will give up that point in dispute, remaining convinced that there is a something in Lilian's constitution which will perplex, torment, and baffle you. It was so with her father, whom she resembles in face and in character. He showed no symptoms of any grave malady. His outward form was like Lilian's, a model of symmetry, except in this, that, like hers, it was too exquisitely delicate; but, when seemingly in the midst of perfect health, at any slight jar on the nerves he would become alarmingly ill. I was sure that he would die young, and he did so."

"Ay, but Mrs. Ashleigh said that his death was from brain-fever, brought on by over-study. Women never so fatigue the brain. I never had a female patient who died of purely mental exertion."

"Of purely mental exertion, no; but of *heart* emotion, many female patients, perhaps? Oh, you own that; I know nothing about nerves. But I suppose that, whether they act on the brain or the heart, the result to life is much the same if the nerves be too finely strung for life's daily wear and tear. And this is what I mean, when I say you and Lilian will not suit. As yet, she is a mere child; her nature undeveloped, and her affection, therefore, untried. You might suppose that you won her heart; she might believe that she gave it to you, and both be deceived. If fairies nowadays condescended to exchange their offspring with those of mortals, and if the popular tradition did not represent a fairy changeling as an ugly peevish creature, with none of the grace of its parents, I should be half inclined to suspect that Lilian was one of the elfin people. She never seems at home on earth; and I do not think she will ever be contented with a humdrum earthly lot. Now I have told you why I do not think she will suit you. I must leave it to yourself to conjecture how far you would suit her. I say this in due season, while you may yet set a guard upon impulse; while you may yet watch, and weigh, and meditate; and from this moment on that subject I say no more. I lend advice, but I never throw it away."

She came here to a dead pause, and began putting on her bonnet and scarf which lay on the table beside her. I was a little chilled by her words, and yet more by the blunt, shrewd, hard look and manner which aided the effect of their delivery. But the chill melted away on the sudden glow of my heart when she again turned toward me and said:

"Of course you guess, from these preliminary cautions, that you are going into danger? Mrs. Ashleigh wishes to consult you about Lilian, and I propose to take you to her house."

"Oh, my friend, my dear friend, how can I ever repay you!" I caught her hand, the white firm hand, and lifted it to my lips.

She drew it somewhat hastily away, and laying it gently on my shoulder, said, in a soft voice, "Poor Allen, how little the world knows either of us! But how little, perhaps, do we know ourselves. Come, your carriage is here? That is right; we must put down Dr. Jones publicly and in all our state."

In the carriage Mrs. Poyntz told me the purport of that conversation with Mrs. Ashleigh to which I owed my reintroduction to Abbots' House. It seems that Mr. Vigors had called early the morning after my first visit; had evinced much discomposure on hearing that I had been summoned; dwelt much on my injurious treatment of Dr. Lloyd, whom, as distantly related to himself, and he (Mr. Vigors) distantly connected to the late Gilbert Ashleigh, he endeavored to fasten upon his listener as one of her husband's family, whose quarrel she was bound in honor to take up. He spoke of me as an infidel "tainted with French doctrines," and as a practitioner rash and presumptuous, showing his own freedom from presumption and rashness by flatly deciding that my opinion must be wrong. Previous to Mrs. Ashleigh's migration to L——, Mr. Vigors had interested her in the pretended phenomena of mesmerism. He had consulted one of poor Dr. Lloyd's favorite clairvoyants as to Lilian's health, and the clairvoyant had declared her to be constitutionally predisposed to consumption. Mr. Vigors persuaded Mrs. Ashleigh to come at once with him and see this clairvoyant herself, armed with a lock of Lilian's hair and a glove she had worn, as the media of mesmerical rapport.

The clairvoyant, one of those I had publicly denounced as an impostor, naturally enough denounced me in return. On being asked solemnly by Mr. Vigors "to look at Dr. Fenwick and see if his influence would be beneficial to the subject" (the sibyl had become violently agitated), said that, "when she looked at us together, we were enveloped in a black cloud; that this portended affliction and sinister consequences; that our rapport was antagonistic." Mr. Vigors then told her to dismiss my image, and conjure up that of Dr. Jones. Therewith the somnambule became more tranquil, and said, "Dr. Jones would do well if he would be guided by higher lights than his own skill, and consult herself daily as to the proper remedies. The best remedy of all would be mesmerism. But since Dr. Lloyd's death she did not know of a mesmerist, sufficiently gifted, in affinity with the patient." In fine, she impressed and awed Mrs. Ashleigh, who returned in haste, summoned Dr. Jones, and dismissed myself.

"I could not have conceived Mrs. Ashleigh to be so utterly wanting in common sense," said I. "She talked rationally enough when I saw her."

"She has common sense in general, and plenty of the sense most common," answered Mrs. Poyntz. "But she is easily led and easily frightened wherever her affections are concerned, and therefore just as easily as she had been persuaded by Mr. Vigors and terrified by the somnambule, I persuaded her against the one, and terrified her against the other. I had positive experience on my side, since it was clear that Lilian had been getting rapidly worse under Dr. Jones's care. The main objections I had to encounter in inducing her to consult you again were, first, in Mrs. Ashleigh's reluctance to disoblige Mr. Vigors, as a friend and connection of Lilian's father; and, secondly, a sentiment of shame in reinviting your opinion after having treated you with so little respect. Both these difficulties I took on myself. I bring you to her house, and, on leaving you, I shall go on to Mr. Vigors, and tell him what is done is my doing, and not to be undone by him; so that matter is settled. Indeed, if you were out of the question, I should not suffer Mr. Vigors to reintroduce all these mummeries of clairvoyance and mesmerism into the precincts of the Hill. I did not demolish a man I really liked in Dr. Lloyd, to set up a Dr. Jones, whom I despise, in his stead. Clairvoyance on Abbey Hill, indeed! I saw enough of it before."

"True; your strong intellect detected at once the absurdity of the whole pretense—the falsity of mesmerism—the impossibility of clairvoyance."

"No, my strong intellect did nothing of the kind. I do not know whether mesmerism be false or clairvoyance impossible; and I don't wish to know. All I do know is, that I saw the Hill in great danger; young ladies allowing themselves to be put to sleep by gentlemen, and pretending they had no will of their own against such fascination! Improper and shocking! And Miss Brabazon beginning to prophesy, and Mrs. Leopold Smythe questioning her maid (whom Dr. Lloyd declared to be highly gifted) as to all the secrets of her friends. When I saw this, I said, 'The Hill is being demoralized; the Hill is making itself ridiculous; the Hill must be saved!' I remonstrated with Dr. Lloyd, as a friend; he remained obdurate. I annihilated him as an enemy, not to me, but to the State. I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. Now you know why I took your part; not because I have any opinion one way or the other as to the truth or falsehood of what Dr. Lloyd asserted; but I have a strong opinion that whether they be true or false, his notions were those which are not to be allowed on the Hill. And so, Allen Fenwick, that matter was settled."

Perhaps at another time I might have felt some little humiliation to learn so cynically that I had been guided by the influence of this great potentate, not from love of truth, but as an instrument of policy; and I might have owned to some twinge of conscience in having assisted to sacrifice a seeker after science—misled, no doubt, but preferring his independent belief to his worldly interest—and sacrifice him to those deities with whom science is ever at war—the Prejudices of a Clique sanctified into the Proprieties of the World. But at that moment the words I heard made no perceptible impression on my mind. The gables of Abbots' House were visible above the evergreens and lilacs: another moment, and the carriage stopped at the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Ashleigh received us in the dining-room. Her manner to me, at first, was a little confused and shy. But my companion soon communicated something of her own happy ease to her gentler friend. After a short conversation we all three went to Lilian, who was in a little room on the ground-floor, fitted up as her study. I was glad to perceive that my interdict of the death-chamber had been respected.

She reclined on a sofa near the window, which was, however, jealously closed: the light of the bright May-day obscured by blinds and curtains; a large fire on the hearth; the air of the room that of a hot-house—the ignorant, insensible, exploded system of nursing into consumption those who are confined on suspicion of it. She did not heed us as we entered noiselessly; her eyes were drooped languidly on the dull floor, and with difficulty I suppressed the exclamation that rose to my lips on seeing her. She seemed within the last few days so changed, and on the aspect of the countenance there was so profound a melancholy. But as she slowly turned at the sound of our footsteps, and her eyes met mine, a quick blush came into the wan cheek, and she half rose, but sank back as if the effect exhausted her. There was a struggle for breath, and a low hollow cough. Was it possible that I had been mistaken, and that in that cough was heard the warning knell of the most insidious enemy to youthful life?

I sat down by her side. I lured her on to talk of indifferent subjects—the weather, the gardens, the bird in the cage, which was placed on the table near her. Her voice, at first low and feeble, became gradually stronger, and her face lighted up with a child's innocent playful smile. No, I had not been mistaken! That was no lymphatic nerveless temperament on which consumption fastens as its lawful prey—here there was no hectic pulse, no hurried waste of the vital flame. Quietly and gently I made my observations, addressed my questions, applied my stethoscope; and when I turned my face toward her mother's anxious, eager eyes, that face spoke for me, for her mother sprang forward, clasped my hand, and said, through her struggling tears,

"You smile! You see nothing to fear?"

"Fear—no, indeed! You will soon be again yourself, Miss Ashleigh, will you not?"

"Yes," she said, with her sweet laugh, "I shall be well now very soon. But may I not have the window open? may I not go into the garden? I so long for open air."

"No, no, darling," exclaimed Mrs. Ashleigh, "not while the east winds last. Dr. Jones said on no account. On no account, Dr. Fenwick, eh?'

"Will you take my arm, Miss Ashleigh, and walk about the room?" said I. "We will then see how far we may rebel against Dr. Jones."

She rose with some little effort, but there was no cough. At first her step was languid—it became lighter and more elastic after a few moments.

"Let her come out," said I to Mrs. Ashleigh. "The wind is not in the east, and while we are out, lower to the last [illegible] fit for Christmas."

"But—"

"Ah, no buts. He is a poor doctor who is not a stern despot."

So the straw hat and mantle were sent for. Lilian was wrapped with unnecessary care, and we all went forth into the garden. Involuntarily we took the way to the Monk's Well, and at every step Lilian seemed to revive under the fresh air and temperate sun. We paused by the well.

"You do not feel fatigued, Miss Ashleigh?"

"No."

"But your face seems changed. It is grown sadder."

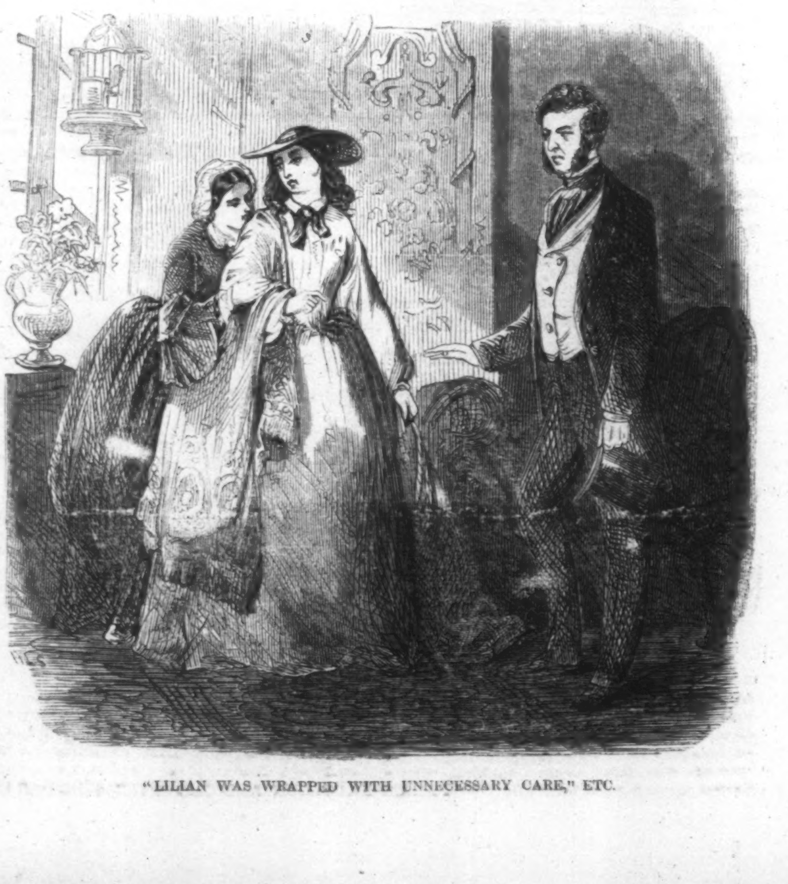
"Not sadder."

"Sadder than when I first saw it—saw it when you were seated here!" I said this in a whisper. I felt her hand tremble as it lay on my arm.

"You saw me seated here!"

"Yes. I will tell you how some day."

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and there was in them that same surprise which I had noticed



"LILIAN WAS WRAPPED WITH UNNECESSARY CARE," ETC.

on my first visit—a surprise that perplexed me, blended with no displeasure, but yet with a something of vague alarm.

We soon returned to the house.

Mrs. Ashleigh made me a sign to follow her into the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Poyntz with Lilian.

"Well?" said she, tremblingly.

"Permit me to see Dr. Jones's prescriptions. Thank you. Ay, I thought so. My dear Madam, the mistake here has been in depressing nature instead of strengthening; in narcotics instead of stimulants. The main stimulants which leave no reaction are air and light. Promise me that I may have my own way for a week; that all I recommend will be implicitly heeded?"

"I promise. But that cough; you noticed it?"

"Yes. The nervous system is terribly lowered, and nervous exhaustion is a strange impostor—it imitates all manner of complaints with which it has no connection. The cough will soon disappear! But pardon my question. Mrs. Poyntz tells me that you consulted a clairvoyant about your daughter. Does Miss Ashleigh know that you did so?"

"No, I did not tell her."

"I am glad of that. And pray, for Heaven's sake, guard her against all that may set her thinking on such subjects. Above all, guard her against concentring attention on any malady that your fears erroneously ascribe to her. It is among the phenomena of our organization that you can not closely rivet your consciousness on any part of the frame, however healthy, but it will soon begin to exhibit morbid sensibility. Try to fix all your attention on your little finger for half an hour, and before the half hour is over the little finger will be uneasy, probably even painful. How serious, then, is the danger to a young girl at the age in which imagination is most active, most intense, if you force upon her a belief that she is in danger of a mortal disease; it is a peculiarity of youth to brood over the thought of early death much more resignedly, much more complacently, than we do in maturer years. Impress on a young imaginative girl, as free from pulmonary tendencies as you and I are, the conviction that she must fade away into the grave, and though she may not actually die of consumption, you instill slow poison into her system. Hope is the natural aliment of youth. You impoverish nourishment where you discourage hope. As soon as this temporary illness is over, reject for your daughter the melancholy care which seems to her own mind to mark her out from others of her age. Rear her for the air—which is the kindest life-giver; to sleep with open windows; to be out at sunrise. Nature will do more for her than all our drugs can do. You have been hitherto fearing nature, now trust to her."

Here Mrs. Poyntz joined us, and having, while I had been speaking, written my prescription and some general injunctions, I closed my advice with an appeal to that powerful protectress.

"This, my dear Madam, is a case in which I need your aid, and I ask it. Miss Ashleigh should not be left with no other companion than her mother. A change of faces is often as salutary as a change of air. If you could devote an hour or two this very evening to sit with Miss Ashleigh, talk to her with your usual easy cheerfulness, and—"

"Anne," interrupted Mrs. Poyntz, "I will come and drink tea with you at half-past seven, and bring my knitting; and perhaps, if you ask him, Dr. Fenwick will come too! He can be tolerably entertaining when he likes it."

"It is too great a tax on his kindness, I fear," said Mrs. Ashleigh. "But," she added cordially, "I should be grateful indeed if he would spare us an hour of his time."

I murmured an assent, which I endeavored to make not too joyous.

"So that matter is settled," said Mrs. Poyntz; "and now I shall go to Mr. Vigors and prevent his further interference."

"Oh! but, Margaret, pray don't offend him; a connection of my poor dear Gilbert's. And so tetchy! I am sure I do not know how you'll manage to—"

"To get rid of him? Never fear. As I manage every thing and every body," said Mrs. Poyntz, bluntly. So she kissed her friend on the forehead, gave me a gracious nod, and, declining the offer of my carriage, walked with her usual brisk, decided tread down the short path toward the town.

Mrs. Ashleigh timidly approached me, and again the furtive hand bashfully insinuating the hateful fee!

"Stay," said I; "this is a case which needs the most constant watching. I wish to call so often that I should seem the most greedy of doctors if my visits were to be computed at guineas. Let me be at ease to effect my cure; my pride of science is involved in it. And when among all the young ladies of the Hill you can find me none with a fresher bloom, or a fairer promise of healthful life, than the patient you intrust to my care, why, then the fee and the dismissal. Nay, nay; I must refer you to our friend, Mrs. Poyntz. It was so settled with her before she brought me here to displace Dr. Jones." Therewith I escaped.

CHAPTER XV.

IN less than a week Lilian was convalescent; in less than a fortnight she regained her usual health; nay Mrs. Ashleigh declared that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and look so well. I had established a familiar intimacy at Abbots' House; most of my evenings were spent there. As horse exercise formed an important part of my advice, Mrs. Ashleigh had purchased a pretty and quiet horse for her daughter; and, except the weather was very unfavorable, Lilian now rode daily with Colonel Poyntz, who was a notable equestrian, and often accompanied by Miss Jane Poyntz, and other young ladies of the Hill. I was generally relieved from my duties in time to join her as she returned homeward. Thus we made innocent appointments, openly, frankly, in her mother's presence, she telling me beforehand in what direction excursions had been planned with Colonel Poyntz, and I promising to fall in with the party—if my avocations would permit. At my suggestion, Mrs. Ashleigh now opened her house almost every evening to some of the neighboring families. Lilian was thus habituated to the intercourse of young persons of her own age. Music and dancing and childlike games made the old house gay. And the Hill gratefully acknowledged to Mrs. Poyntz "that the Ashleighs were indeed a great acquisition."

But my happiness was not uncheckered. In thus unselfishly surrounding Lilian with others I felt the anguish of that jealousy which is inseparable from those earlier stages of love—when the lover as yet has won no right to that self-confidence which can only spring from the assurance that he is loved.

In these social réunions I remained aloof from Lilian. I saw her courted by the gay young admirers whom her beauty and her fortune drew around her; her soft face brightening in the exercise of the dance, which the gravity of my profession rather than my fear forbade me to join—and her laugh, so musically subdued, ravishing my ear and fretting my heart as if the laugh were a mockery on my sombre self and my presumptuous dreams. But no, suddenly, shyly, her eyes would steal away from those about her, steal to the corner in which I sat, as if they missed me, and, meeting my own gaze, their light softened before they turned away; and the color on her cheek would deepen, and to her lip there came a smile different from the smile that it shed on others. And then—and then—all jealousy, all sadness vanished, and I felt the glory which blends with the growing belief that we are loved.

In that diviner epoch of man's mysterious passion, when ideas of perfection and purity, vague and fugitive before, start forth and concentre themselves round one virgin shape—that rises out from the sea of creation, welcomed by the Hours and adorned by the Graces—how the thought that this archetype of sweetness and beauty singles himself from the millions, singles himself for her choice, ennobles and lifts up his being. Though after experience may rebuke the mortal's illusion that mistook for a daughter of Heaven a creature of clay like himself, yet for a while the illusion has grandeur. Though it comes from the senses which shall later oppress and profane it, the senses at first shrink into shade, awed and hushed by the presence that charms them. All that is brightest and best in the man has soared up like long dormant instincts of Heaven, to greet and to hallow what to him seems life's fairest dream of the heavenly! Take the wings from the image of Love, and the god disappears from the form!

Thus, if at moments jealous doubt made my torture, so the moment's relief from it sufficed for my rapture. But I had a cause for disquiet less acute but less varying than jealousy.

Despite Lilian's recovery from the special illness which had more immediately absorbed my care, I remained perplexed as to its cause and true nature. To her mother I gave it the convenient epithet of "nervous." But the epithet did not explain to myself all the symptoms I classified by it. There was still, at times, when no cause was apparent or conjecturable, a sudden change in the expression of her countenance; in the beat of her pulse; the eye would become fixed, the bloom would vanish, the pulse would sink feebler and feebler till it could be scarcely felt; yet there was no indication of heart disease, of which such sudden lowering of life is, in itself, sometimes a warning indication. The change would pass away after a few minutes, during which she seemed unconscious, or, at least, never spoke—never appeared to heed what was said to her. But in the expression of her countenance there was no character of suffering or distress; on the contrary, a wondrous serenity that made her beauty more beauteous, her very youthfulness younger; and when this spurious or partial kind of syncope passed, she recovered at once without effort, without acknowledging that she had felt faint or unwell, but taken with a sense of recruited vitality, as the weary obtain from a sleep. For the rest, her spirits were more generally light and joyous than I should have premised from her mother's previous description. She would enter mirthfully into the mirth of young companions round her; she had evidently quick perception of the sunny sides of life; an infantine gratitude for kindness; an infantine joy in the trifles that amuse only those who delight in tastes pure and simple. But when talk rose into graver and more contemplative topics, her attention became earnest and absorbed, and sometimes a rich eloquence, such as I have never before or since heard from lips so young, would startle me first into a wondering silence, and soon into a disapproving alarm. For the thoughts she then uttered seemed to me too fantastic, too visionary, too much akin to the vagaries of a wild though beautiful imagination. And then I would seek to check, to sober, to distract fancies with which my reason had no sympathy, and the indulgence of which I regarded as injurious to the normal functions of the brain.

When thus, sometimes with a chilly sentence, sometimes with a half-sarcastic laugh, I would repress outpourings frantic and musical as the songs of a forest bird, she would look at me with a kind of plaintive sorrow—sometimes sigh and shiver as she turned away. Only in these modes did she show displeasure; otherwise ever sweet and docile, and ever, if, seeing that I had pained her, I asked forgiveness, humbling herself rather to ask mine, and brightening our reconciliation with her angel smile. As yet I had not dared to speak of love; as yet I gazed on her as the captive gazes on the flowers and the stars through the gratings of his cell, musing to himself, "When shall the doors unclose?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Friends of Soldiers!

Send by Harnden's Express (the oldest Express), 74 Broadway, as they charge only half rates.

Nazareth Hall. Boarding School for Boys.

Nazareth, Northampton Co., Pa.

Easy of access from New York by Central R.R. of New Jersey to Easton, and thence seven miles by stages.

Terms, payable quarterly in advance.—Board, and Tuition in the English branches and the German language, per quarter $50 00

Lessons on the Piano Forte, Violin, Flute, and Organ, with use of Instrument, each, per quarter $6 00

Lessons in Drawing, Painting, French, Latin, and Greek, each, per quarter $5 00

Agents in New York, Messrs. A. BININGER & CO., Nos. 92 and 94 Liberty Street.

REV. EDWARD H. REICHEL, Principal.

$40 a Month and Expenses paid. For Terms address HARRIS BRO'S, Boston, Mass.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Preacher, having cured his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the mode of cure, which proves successful in every case to those afflicted with Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, and he will send it free of charge to all who desire it and will forward him their address.

Address DANIEL ADEE, 378 Pearl Street, New York.

GARDINER'S COMPOUND
RHEUMATIC and NEURALGIC
CERTAIN CURE

BACK NUMBERS of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MAGAZINE always for sale, by
A. WINCH, 320 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted—To sell packets of Stationery and Jewelry. Extra inducements are offered, amongst which are Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Bracelets, and other valuable articles. Address, with stamp enclosed,
J. L. BAILEY, 154 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Artificial Legs (Palmer's), the most perfect, approved and useful. Arms of superior excellence: Feet for Limbs shortened by Hip Disease—unique, useful and comely. Dr. E. D. HUDSON, No. 2 Clinton Hall, N. Y.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.—A Retired Gentleman, having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of Great Nervous Suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free), on receipt of a post-paid, directed Envelope, a copy of the prescription used. Address JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A 25 Cent Sewing Machine!

And 5 other curious inventions. Agents wanted every where. Descriptive Circulars sent free. Address
SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

BACK NUMBERS of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY constantly on hand.
Also a full Stock of Harper & Brothers' Publications.
Orders from the Trade promptly filled at Publishers' prices.
A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
100 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

P. O. Stamps of all denominations, for sale in small or large quantities. Good Eastern Money taken. Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Matrimony made Easy."—A new work, showing how either sex may be suitably married, irrespective of age or appearance, which can not fail—free for 25 cents. Address T. William & Co., Publishers, Box 2300, Philad.

MR. & MRS. UNION. MISS E. LOVE.

WEDDING CARDS.

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only by EVERDELL
302 Broadway, N. Y.
Specimens by Mail, on receipt of 2 stamps.

General Scott's Infantry Tactics;

OR,

Rules for the Exercise and Maneuvres of the United States Infantry.

3 vols. 24mo, Muslin, $2 50.

Published by Authority.

United States Army Regulations.

Approved by the President of the United States, and Printed under the Directions of SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

12mo, Muslin, $1 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *May* 1*st*, 1861.

The following *Regulations for the Army* having been approved by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, he commands that they be published for the government of all concerned, and that they be strictly observed. Nothing contrary to the tenor of these Regulations will be enjoined in any part of the forces of the United States by any commander whatever.

Signed, SIMON CAMERON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

"A STRANGE STORY,"

By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

Notwithstanding the great amount of space devoted to Illustrations of the War, *Harper's Weekly* commenced in No. 241, dated August 10th, A NEW AND THRILLING SERIAL TALE, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, entitled,

"A STRANGE STORY,"

which will be continued from week to week till completed.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 50
Two Copies for One Year	4 00

Harper's Weekly and *Harper's Magazine*, one year, $4 00.

Volumes I., II., III., and IV. of HARPER'S WEEKLY, handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50 each, are now ready.

Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

⁂ To postmasters and agents getting up a Club of Ten Subscribers, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.

☞ Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CLUB RATES.

As HARPER'S WEEKLY *is electrotyped, Numbers can be supplied from the commencement.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of the MAGAZINE will also be sent gratuitously.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For September, 1860.

CONTENTS.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Stratford-upon-Avon.—West End of Trinity Church.—House in High Street.—The House in Henley Street, 1564.—The House, 1858.—The House, 1861.—Room in which Shakspeare was born.—Old Font.—Shakspeare's Signet Ring.—Grammar-School and Guild Chapel.—Shakspeare's Desk.—Remains of New Place.—Trinity Church.—Chancel of the Church.—Porch of the Church.—Bust of Shakspeare.—The Inscription.—Anne Hathaway's Cottage.—Courting Chair.—Charlecote Hall.—Sir Thomas Lucy.—The Avon at Wier Brake.

THE CAPITAL OF THE CANADAS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Ottawa City.—Parliament House, new building.

WINFIELD SCOTT IN THE WAR OF 1812.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Winfield Scott, Æt. 41.—Sackett's Harbor, 1813.—Buffalo, 1812.—Queenston, 1812.—Fort Schlosser, 1860.—Landing-Place at Queenston, 1860.—Site of Vrooman's Battery, 1860.—Brock's Monument, 1860.—Monument where Brock fell, 1860.—French Magazine, 1860.—Fort Niagara, 1813.—Fort Mississaga, 1860.—Old Fort, Toronto, 1860.—Fort Wellington, 1860.—Chrysler's 1855.—Ruins of Fort Erie, 1860.—Street's Creek Bridge, 1860.—Mouth of Lyon's Creek, 1860.—At Lundy's Lane, 1860.—Winfield Scott, Æt. 75.

THE THREE TELLS. *Illustrated.*

VALLANDIGHAM.

SHAKSPEARE AND HOLLINGSHED.

ORLEY FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XVII. Von Bauhr.

CHAPTER XVIII. The English Von Bauhr.

CHAPTER XIX. The Stavely Family.

CHAPTER XX. Mr. Dockwrath in his own Office.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The German Von Bauhr.—The English Von Bauhr.

WINNIPISEOGEE.

THE HAVELOCK.

THE YANKEE CAPTAIN.

PETS.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XVII. Brevis esse Laboro.

CHAPTER XVIII. Drum ist's so wohl mir in der Welt.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Young Love.—A Pilgrim.—Charlotte's Convoy.

RICHARD PORSON.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.—(*With Fourteen Illustrations.*)

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dinner Toilet.—Promenade Costume.—Lace Fichu.—Lace Under-Sleeves.

Its unparalleled circulation from month to month, and a constant demand for back Numbers and complete Sets, evince that HARPER'S MAGAZINE meets the wants of the great body of American readers. No change will therefore be made in its general character. The Magazine contains at least twice the amount of matter of the leading English Monthlies. It is therefore enabled to present the best productions of European Novelists and Essayists, besides furnishing a larger amount of original matter than is given in any other Magazine of the day. Each Number contains an amount of reading equal to that in an ordinary octavo volume, with abundant Pictorial Illustrations of every subject in which the Artist can aid the Writer. More than *Seven Thousand* Illustrations have already appeared in the Magazine.

Any Number will be sent by Mail, post-paid, for Twenty-five Cents. Any Volume, comprising Six Numbers, neatly bound in Cloth, will be sent by Mail, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, post-paid, for Two Dollars per Volume. Complete Sets will be sent by Express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, at a Discount of Twenty-five per Cent. from the above rate. Twenty-two Volumes, bound uniformly, extending from June, 1850, to June, 1861, are now ready.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of the MAGAZINE will also be sent gratuitously.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) .	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.